

15th Feb '82



Drawn by James Carroll Beckwith.

GOOD-MORNING.

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"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth."

AN ENTHUSIAST IN PAINTING

BY CHARLES WILLIAM LARNED, U.S.A.

With original illustrations by James Carroll Beckwith.



I FIRST met Carroll Beckwith in the spring of 1878. He had but recently returned to America from the land of his art apprenticeship, with the dew of the Elysian Fields fresh upon him and full of that exuberance of the beaux arts and the Parisian atelier.

The occasion of our introduction was my expressed admiration of a sparkling little water-color at the Water Color Society. I thought it one of the best things in its way in the exhibition, and therein apparently differed from the hanging committee, who seemed to regard this airy bit of mocking

sprightliness, wafted with uplifted tambourine on a fleece of torn cloud, as

a genius altogether too vivacious for the decorous atmosphere of New York art, and so "Scherzo" smiled and tapped defiance at her critics from a lofty perch near the ceiling, and still nods a daily greeting to me from the wall of my studio.

Beckwith's personality straightway captured my heart.

I do not exactly know when or where he was born, and do not very much care—somewhere in Missouri, I believe, and about forty-three years ago—but I know that he is a very interesting personality, with some level-headed views on men, manners, and art; has a refined, artistic sensibility, with unerring good taste; an agile and appre-



A PORTRAIT SKETCH.



Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith.

AN ATTITUDE OF EXPECTATION.

hensive mind, trained by travel and observation rather than by books; and a winning and exceedingly sympathetic address. To look at, he is slight and short; stoops a trifle in walking; carries a well-modeled alert head, with fine eyes, a slightly aquiline irregular nose, a mobile and somewhat sensuous mouth accented by a close mustache and goatee that give a decidedly French caste to his face. On top of this put a gray thatch parted in the middle; pepper with a few freckles and a great variety of expressions; add a cigarette rolled with his own fingers, and you have him as I generally find him in his paint-shop. Stay—I had nearly forgotten the laugh that no portrait should omit, not even a painted one—an audacious

scapegrace of a laugh, that breaks through the decorum of his most intense convictions and deepest gloom and bears you off on a scamper into the land of fun.

It was when American art had matured into a somewhat prim and austere maid

of decorous mien, that an irruption of young freebooters, chiefly from the caves of the pictorial muse along the Latin Quarter of Paris, burst in upon her tranquillity. Who were these young bloods of paint, clever, audacious, unconventional, more or less conceited, vigorous, and irreconcilable? Simply some American youth who had learnt their trade in the very best paint-shops of the world, and who, whatever else they did or did not know or do, did know how to paint and draw, and did both with a vim and abandon altogether new, delightful, and upsetting. They brought with them a revelation of the value of technical mastery in art work; and also, they gave evidence of the enormous advantage that results from independence of vision and contempt of tradition in the contemplation of



STUDY FOR A HEAD.



THE MORNING PAPER.

nature. These young men thought at the time that they represented considerably more than this, and that their mission was to enthrone an entirely new lady of their own in place of the stiff party who had held sway on the national Parnassus for so long; but now that time has somewhat mellowed the enthusiasm of the irreconcilables of fifteen or twenty years ago, they have doubtless discovered that the modern art of painting has to be classed as a bread - and - butter science; they seem also to have accept-



ed as a fact that there is a latent vitality in the genius of our homely Muse that may be the germ of a new inspiration.

Beckwith was one of the leaders and enthusiasts in this invasion. He believed devoutly in "The Values," in youth, in "Art for Art's Sake," in paint, in himself and in others. He believed loyally also in his master, Carolus Duran, and drew his art ozone from the atmosphere that surrounds that Admirable Crichton, therefore his work reflects some of the merits and demerits of this versatile man. Though the glitter of Duran's brilliancy may not dazzle the judgment of the judicious, and some of his work is quite sure to make them grieve, it is easy to acknowledge the astonishing ability of the man and his power as a technician in form and color. There is a healthiness, too,



DECORATIVE STUDIES.



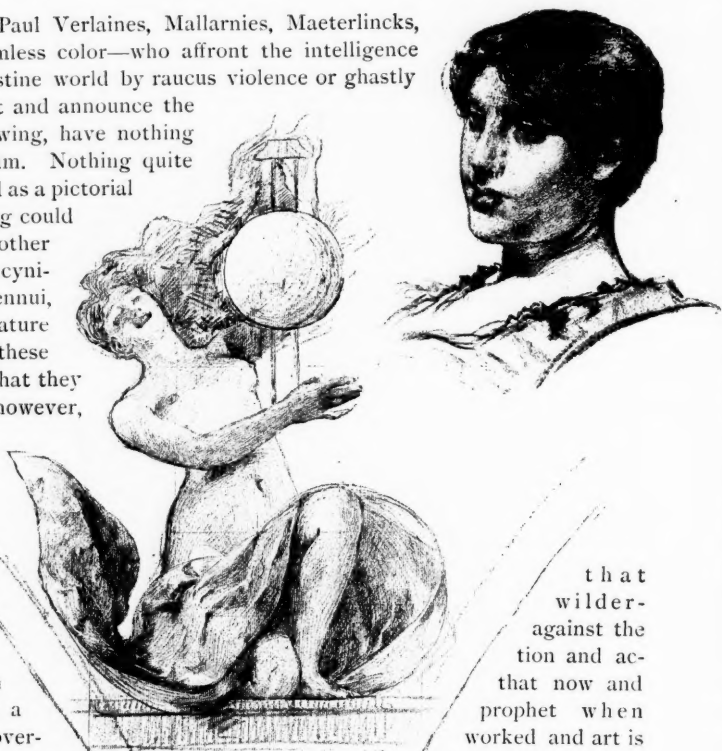
Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith.

A JAUNTY PEASANT-GIRL.

in the robust realism of his style that is in sympathy with the old masters and is in pleasing contrast to all the morbidity of latter-day art—all of the one-idea tendencies foisted upon a gaping world under the name of impressionism.

Carolus Duran believes in good drawing and healthy color, and as Beckwith believes in Duran, he stands here for just these things in art. The "Decadents"

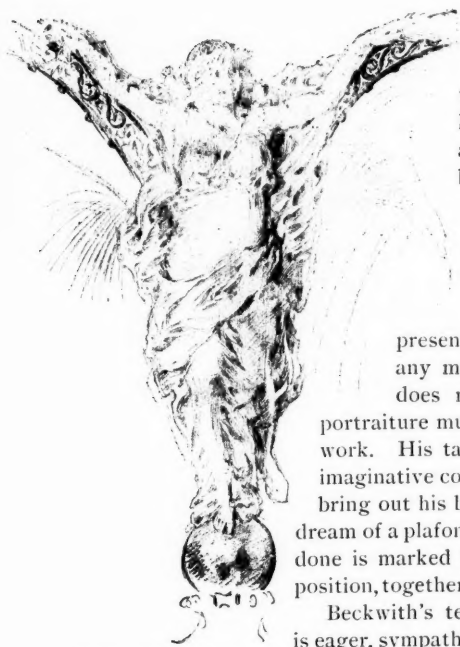
of painting—the Paul Verlaines, Mallarnies, Maeterlincks, and Ghils of formless color—who affront the intelligence of the poor Philistine world by raucus violence or ghastly marasmus in paint and announce the overthrow of drawing, have nothing in common with him. Nothing quite so solemnly absurd as a pictorial art without drawing could come from any other than an age of cynicism, paradox, and ennui, and Beckwith's nature is remote from these qualities and all that they engender. He is, however, in full sympathy with the impressionism of Manet and the truth he cried in the *ness*—a revolt Termini of traditional academic convention again calls forth a old fields become overwedded to its own con—that the “plein air” move-



that wilder- against the tion and ac- that now and prophet when worked and art is ceits. He feels ment and new color vision mark a distinct epoch in art whose full fruit is not yet. But it is a movement and not an overthrow; it has given new light without extinguishing the old; opened a new door without closing the old gates of the temple.

His merits as a draughtsman indeed are remarkable, and one of the strong features of his quality as an artist. In grace and precision of touch he has few equals here. In charcoal his work is broad, nervous, vigorous, and brilliant; with the lead pencil, which he uses with a charm altogether his own, it is sinuous, exquisite in precision and delicacy, graceful, and firm. In his drawing his method is direct and rapid,





A DECORATIVE FIGURE IN THE
THEATRE AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

but highly finished, and from first to last there is scarcely an erasure. With the point he has done but little, but that little has the mark of his ability. As a painter he has decidedly the quality of his master—a strong, solid body, brilliancy, clear, well-balanced tones, and a style that is somewhat *voyant* at times, but always masterful.

He has settled into portraiture, not altogether from preference, I think, but because it is almost inevitable under present art conditions in this country that with any man who makes painting a profession and does not possess an independent competence portraiture must form the steady business portion of his work. His taste, I make sure, would lead him toward imaginative composition, and a ceiling or wall panel would bring out his best powers. What painter that does not dream of a *plafond*? The work of this character that he has done is marked by great beauty of line and grace in composition, together with a characteristic vivacity of sentiment.

Beckwith's temperament is eager, sympathetic, chivalrous, and intensely human. It is quite devoid of cant,

but with a quick susceptibility of everything artistic in saint or sinner. He is too sane and practical to be affected by any cult or esoteric exaltation, but has a very loyal faith in the mission of Art, and positive convictions upon the principles of its sound development.

The practical side of his nature leads him to take an active part in the social, political, and artistic life of his beloved New York. He was one of the first members of the City Club, which has been wielded so effectively of late over the head of the Tammany Tiger; he is one of the "patrons" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a full member of the National Academy of Design; member of the Society of American Artists and of the American Fine Art Association; a professor in the Art Students' League, and a number of other things I have forgotten. No scheme, exhibition, or entertainment for the promotion of art but finds him prominent and active among its promoters, and in a way that always brings him new friends and admirers. Take him all in all, there is no sounder, more Catholic, or more honest activity at work in the formation of American art and art opinion than James Carroll Beckwith of New York.



AN IDEALIST OF THE STARS

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

With original illustrations by Luis Faléro.

ONE of the most extraordinary artistic successes of modern times has been that of Luis Faléro, or Don Luis, as he is styled by his proud countrymen.

The story of his life, of which but little is generally known in America, is not uninteresting apart from his art. He was born at Grenada on May 23, 1851, and remains, in spite of his long residence in Paris, an Andalusian to the core. His finely framed head, black eyes, fiery expression, and the fashion in which he wears his hair and points his beard, render him even to this day rather a figure from a canvas by Velasquez than a man of the life around him.

Faléro was intended by his parents for the Spanish naval service. To this end he received a thorough technical education in England and France as well as in his native country, but at the end he abandoned the purpose, and became a cadet in the army of art. As he knew it would be useless to try to secure his father's consent to his new career, he left the naval school clandestinely and went to Paris, with so little money that he was forced to perform part of the journey on foot and only obtained the means to continue study by a lucky chance to make crayon portraits.

The curiously independent turn of his mind reflected itself in his works. He turned from his easel for relaxation to mathematical and scientific studies, and even dabbled in electricity. Astronomy engaged his attention also, and he had a passion for that class of literature in which the supernatural is the ruling force. Bearing these facts in mind, the direction his art took can be clearly understood.

Commencing with subjects of a semi-classical and conventional character, he rapidly advanced to those by which he became famous. The first of these to make



THE DELATED WITCH.



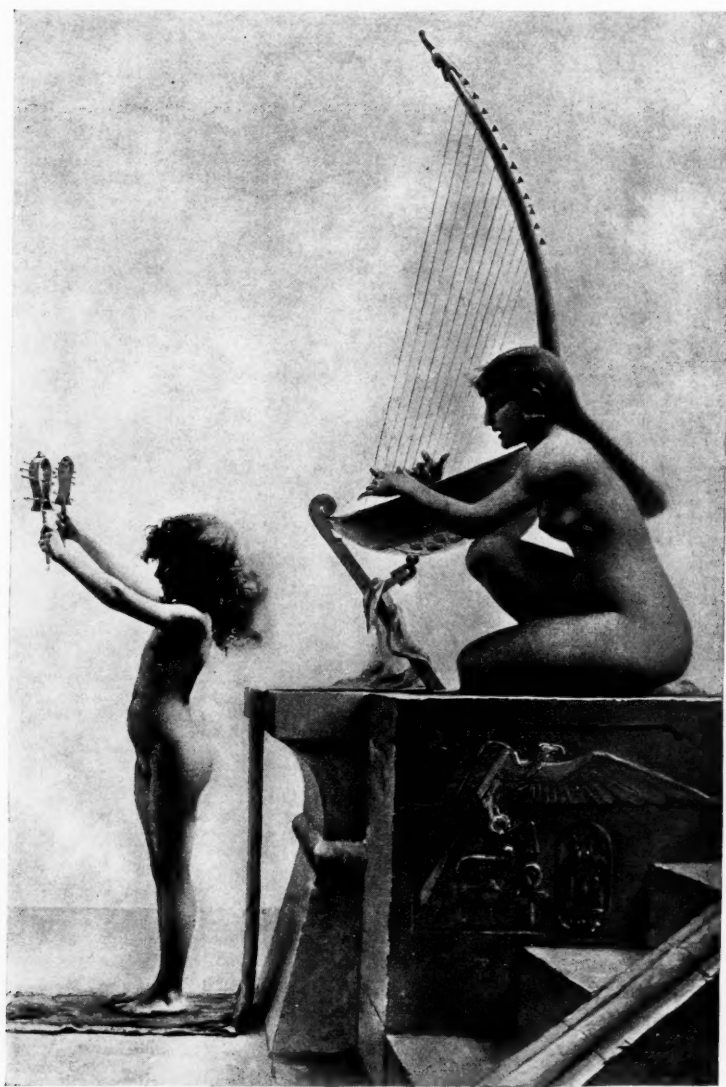
From a painting by Luis Falero.

MARINA.



From a painting by Luis Fallero.

THE BALANCE OF THE ZODIAC.



From a painting by Luis Faller.

THE PRAYER TO ISIS.

a hit was his "Witches Going to the Sabbath," and he followed it up with other themes of a similar kind, derived from "Faust" and the rest of his pet library of wonders. Then, at the Salon of 1881, appeared his "Twin Stars," which created a positive furor. "The Planet Venus," the "Balance of the Zodiac," "Shooting Stars" and a series of similar subjects, were varied by "The Opium Smoker," "The Prayer to Isis," "The Model" and so on, all pictures in a vein of sensuous



From a painting by Luis Falero.

LEO AND VIRGO.

dreaminess, glorifications of the human form, an artistic incarnation of the splendors of palpitating flesh.

Falero is a colorist of great refinement, and a polished and finished executant. The character of his subjects and the beauty of their rendition have made his pictures famous throughout the world, but popularity has had no vulgarizing influence on him. He goes on as he began, faithful to his ideal. It is interesting to



From a painting by Luis Fallero.

THE PLANET VENUS.



From a painting by Luis Falcó.

WITCHES GOING TO THE SABBATH.

note, by the way, that "Faust's Dream," one of Faléro's most famous pictures, and the one which, perhaps even more than the "Witches Going to the Sabbath," aided to confirm his reputation, has long been a part of a well-known and semi-public collection in New York City.

THE WHITE CITY AND THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

BY CHARLES TURNER.

Illustrated from recent photographs of English Cathedrals.

WHY did the White City by the Lakes burst upon the American public like a revelation? The answer is: Because, for the first time in the history of the



THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTERBURY.

nation, American architects had the same opportunities of site and setting, of grouping and surroundings, as those with which the architects of old created their masterpieces. For once the modern and the ancient conditions were brought together; for once the American architect had the chance to stage his effects, to group his masses, to marshal his outlines, to blend the play of light and shade, to select environment, to secure the softening grace of perspective; and, for once, the spectator could take in *from many points and from afar*, these proportions, these contours, these masses and these blendings, with all the advantage of atmospheric play and the subtle charms of intervening water and foliage.

It was the architect's opportunity to show that the artistic capacity which, con-



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, IN LONDON.

ditions being favorable, has never failed the human race in any land or clime, had hitherto, in America, lacked only the opportunity to lay under its spell the material



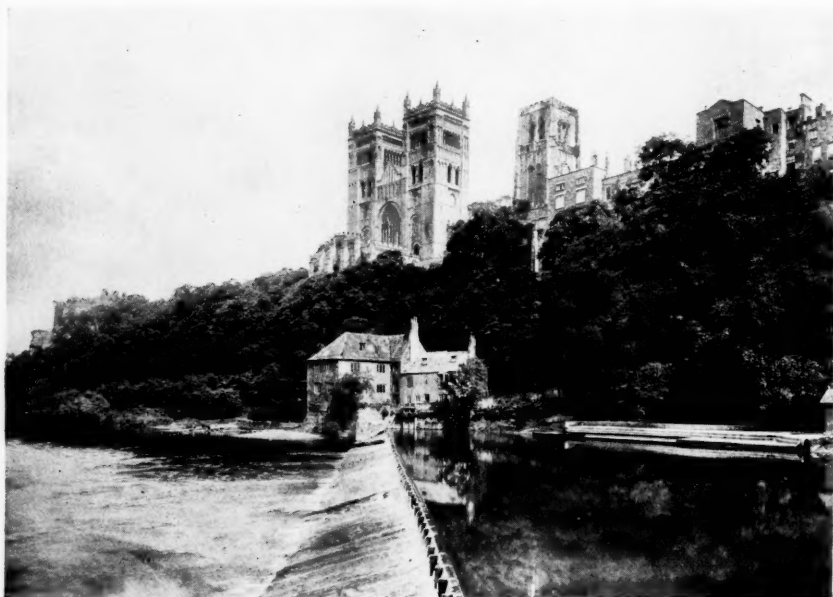
INTERIOR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

instincts of a material age, and to stamp them with the indelible impression that art never fails to leave, in whatever one of its many forms it is presented. And the architect rose to his opportunity. The White City by the Lake has gone, maybe never to be replaced, and we are the poorer by the missed opportunity to drink in, through the senses of the eye, its pristine beauty and its priceless lessons. We must turn to foreign lands, to our regret be it said, if we of this generation would gauge the artistic possibilities which architecture in its best surroundings opens to sympathetic souls; and nowhere to greater advantage in this respect can we turn than to the cathedrals of England; for there we can study at leisure the problems of situation, of massing, of perspective, and of landscape environment, as well as the minor questions of style, form of decoration, and richness of detail.



THE FACADE OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

"The English Cathedrals" is a term which has no significance from the broader architectural point of view; they are not a class, they cannot be grouped; each is the result of centuries of circumstances—artistic, geographical, religious, and historical. Yet, in the main, their situations and external forms have been regulated and influenced by two historical events, centuries apart, and both of comparatively ancient date: Firstly, by the evacuation of England by the Romans in the seventh century, and secondly, by the conquest of it by William of Normandy in the eleventh century. The influence of the religious Reformation in the sixteenth century, singularly enough, can scarcely be traced, and that of the seventeenth century has left its mark only upon the most trivial details, where the iconoclastic zeal of the furious Puritans demolished some fair tracery, or sculptured saint.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND THE MILL WEIR.

The cathedral architecture of England, indeed, owes more to Pagan Rome of the first five centuries than it does to the Reformation, and this is but natural, for



INTERIOR (NAVE) OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Rome, during its lengthened and luxurious occupation, had covered the island with a network of colonies whose buildings, private, military, and religious, were the only fabrics possessing architectural features, and these mainly of the archaic simplicity of the first two centuries.

What more natural than that the early artificers should turn to the Roman buildings, then derelict and abandoned, for the material, and consequently, to some extent, for the design of their first Christian churches?



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

That it was so in many cases we know, and investigation would doubtless disclose more instances. It was thus that the semi-circular Romanesque arch became incorporated into the English ecclesiastical architecture. I know that, almost exclusively, this arch is ascribed to the Normans of the eleventh century; but it existed in English churches, from Roman ruins utilized in their structure, centuries before the Norman conquest—long before the Norman influences were felt.

Examples of this, very interesting in history and detail, might be shown in the two ancient churches within and just across the river from Cambridge. A third example will be found in the ruins of the church of Ethelberta, at Ely, the predecessor of the present cathedral. We have in this case a glimmer of historical light, too, for one of the Saxon chronicles records that the pious monks of Ely, seeking a fitting tomb for their foundress, went by water to Cambridge, and there found a fair white sarcophagus, in which they enshrined her remains. They found a great deal more than that—they discovered a quarry of ready-hewn Roman masonry, from which was erected the main part of their monastic building on the Isle.



ELY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER.

Under the Normans east, west, north, and south, arose cloister and chancel, shrine and sanctuary,—foundations upon which has been linked and rivetted every century of architecture from the eleventh to the seventeenth, with a perfection of harmony that is as astonishing as it is rich, varied, and successful. To them we owe the sombre grandeur and stable magnificence of the early portions of Durham, Ely, Winchester, Lincoln, Peterborough, and a host of others too great even to be mentioned: a style so simple, so abiding, so rich, and yet so Titanic as to suggest the massiveness of Carnac and the most antique Orient.

Few, very few, of the cathedrals escaped the influence of the sombre, solid,



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH-YARD.

Norman builder, and few, or none, escaped the progressive and lighter touch of the architects of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Of those which show no evidence of the heavier hand of the early Norman, we give two instances—St. Mary's, York, now, happily perhaps for its preservation, in ruins; and the Cathedral of Salisbury, the builders of which, by the oddest of accidental circumstances—the want of water—left their old home on the eyrie heights of Sarum, and built themselves a new shrine on the borders of the Wiltshire Avon. This gave a free hand to the contemporary architect, and no cathedral in England, or perhaps in the world, can compare with it for purity and unity of design, or for situation. Chancel and choir, nave and transept, rise like a fair



THE FACADE OF YORK MINSTER.

structure from circumambient green sward; and, quivering with feathery details and gathering force and grace, it tapers away into the very heaven it symbolizes.

Only one other English cathedral can be compared with Salisbury for unity of design, and that is St. Paul's of London, but that is the only point of comparison; in every other circumstance they differ as widely as the poles. The one on the plain, sward-girt, tree-marg'd, free and open to every ray of sunlight from dawn to dusk, from lowest plinth to highest fane; the other, crowded into the very heart of a commercial metropolis, which seems to grudge even its foothold and hides from every point of view not only its base, but the greater part of its bulk. It is only from the vantage ground of the smoke-stacks of adjacent city roofs that its cross-tipped cupola and its classic upper stories can be seen. What inspiration but a Pagan one could have found lodgement in the imagination of an architect doomed to design a Christian temple on such a Mammon's site?

How different were the circumstances that gave birth to the second cathedral church of Ely, which in the eleventh century first crowned the silent fen-isle with glory to God. No town marred its perfect symmetry, no thought of the world, and they have left a very sanctuary of purity and an artistic monument of the centuries which still seems to float in an ærial sea. Then look at old Durham, which crowns the beetling crags and has, these eight centuries past, lifted its sacred front like a very fortress over the rude border lands; a warning to the lawless raiders of the marches and a sanctuary of the power that was mightier than the sword, before which even the mailed arm quailed. It stood there almost before man turned the silent hills and dales of the north into the debatable battleground of lawless chieftains and in more modern times into a beehive of commercial industries.

Canterbury stands midway betwixt fengirt Ely and crag-crowning Durham. Its



ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

history, true, is coincident and coeval with the re-introduction of Christianity into England by St. Augustine, and of that mission it is the mother-church; but the structure which now stands is, externally, rather an example of the later Gothic, the perpendicular, than of the styles prevailing at its historic birth. The sturdy strength and massive simplicity of the Norman and early English had become encrusted with the endless detail of tiers upon tiers of unnecessary buttresses and finials, and the graceful arch had given way to the graceless lines of a debased style before its nave and towers received their impress.

These be but a few of the object-lessons left to the student, the artist, and the seeker after things of beauty; and I have but touched, in a fragmentary and restricted way, upon *one* of the aspects of that beauty—"situation and environment"—with just so much of origin as appeared needful to elucidate that feature.

THE PROGRESS OF ACCURACY IN PICTORIAL ART

BY EDWARD KING.

With original illustrations by Frederick W. Freer.



MEXICAN BURRO.

THE illustrator of to-day hardly realizes his immense advantages over those of the craft who were making a career twenty years ago. The marvellous progress in the art of illustrating is in large degree due to the multiplication of the facilities for seeing the world.

I remember that Gustave Doré once spoke to me of his journey into Spain in search of sketches as if it had been a great feat of exploration. And very likely it was, before the Peninsula was seamed with railroads, and before swift steamships visited its principal ports every few days. But what artist would consider a run through Spain, even including the remote Andalusian regions, or any out-of-the-way corner from Fontarabia to Cadiz, a thing worth more than mere mention in these electric days?

Doré doubtless underwent the same discomforts and took the same risks in his sketching tour in Spain that one might encounter if he strayed from the beaten track in Morocco or Tunis to-day. All the heretofore inaccessible corners of Europe have now been opened to the artist, and Africa and Asia have sullenly accorded to him the privilege which he was evidently disposed to assert unless it



RÊVES DU BAL.

were yielded: that of picturing their sensuous, infinitely varied, and richly colored life with all its harmonious and glittering accessories.

America, too, has afforded a rich and singularly varied field which was but little known in the days of Doré's excursions. He longed, by the way, to journey to the "Rock Mountains," as he called them; and one of the keenest regrets of his life was that he had never been able to study the North American Indian in his native wilds.

The illustrator's field is indeed the world, and he ranges grandly up and down it, profiting at every turn by comparison of types, costumes, and architecture.

The indefinable influence of cosmopolitanism breathes through the work of all our best illustrators; it tempers their talent, governs and increases their surety of touch, and adds piquancy to their compositions.

From the abundant opportunities for observation furnished by easy globe-trotting comes also a breadth of treatment which was not so conspicuous in the work of the artist twenty years ago. The literary flavor is more often perceived in illustration than of old; sometimes the pictures tell the story better than the text which they are designed to illustrate. The artist is himself riper; he takes nothing at second hand; there is a positiveness in his drawing which comes from knowl-

edge, and lends an irresistible force—the force of sincerity.

Have you not remarked that the painters of the eighteenth century rarely drew an animal correctly? A lion was made very much like a horse, and an elephant was entirely out of gear. The artists, who had travelled but little themselves, knew that they were drawing and painting for untravelled people, who would not be over critical.

But in these days every boy is quick to discern the difference between the Asian and the African lion, and if a blunder in depicting the king of beasts were made in an illustration he would



A MODEL.



A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE.



DANCE OF DRYADS.

speedily point it out. The keen-eyed lad who has made the excursion around the Mediterranean has brought home with him the power to pick flaws in any incorrect work. But neither he nor his elders have much chance to quiz the illustrator whose fidelity to detail is absolute.

The illustrators are the only realists; literary men are slovens beside them. Émile Zola has been detected a score of times in errors of detail which it would horrify an artist to discover in his own

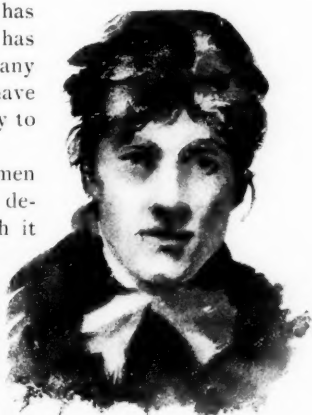


WAITING.

sketches. And here we have George Moore—who has just been acclaimed in London as the author of a triumph of so-called realism, "Esther Waters"—confessing that he did not make any realistic studies at all for the book, but simply shaped the unconscious observations which had been simmering in his mind for many years.

My impression is that the stern sincerity and vigor and reality of the modern illustrator have been of untold value to the literary man, in suggesting to him a system which he usually lacks, and in recommending to him that tremendous attention to detail without which no great art is possible.

Look at a figure painted by Édouard Detaille; let us take, for instance, a German soldier. See how instinct with life it is; how completely it is the man "in his habit as he lived!" Then look at a description by Quatrelles or Halévy of a similar figure, and see if you do not think that the work of the literary man is modelled upon that of the painter.



A STUDY HEAD.

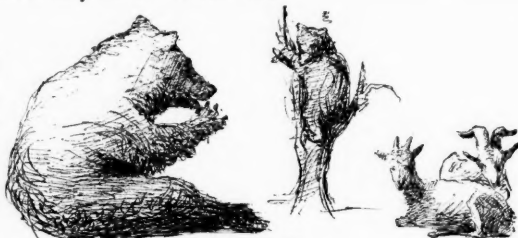
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POSES IN DRAPEY.

I chanced to turn over the leaves, the other day, of some illustrated journals of the date of the great, wild, mad epoch of the Franco-German war of 1870 and the Commune of 1871. I found myself experiencing a certain shock at the inadequacy and lack of thoroughness of treatment of these pictures, some of which I had seen



BEARS AND GOATS.

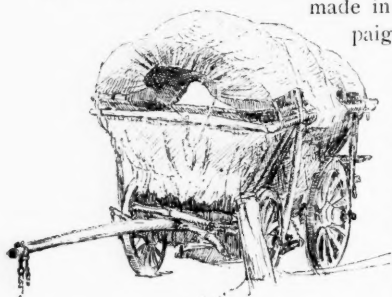
made in the field, and most of which, during the campaigns, we thought vastly fine.

The progress made by some of the same men who sketched in the batteries in front of Issy and on the bastions at the Porte Maillot in those days has been so great that to-day they are loath to recognize their old work. The beneficent fairy of sincerity has taught them many lessons, and given them the key to improvement.

In the work of Mr. Frederick W. Freer, selections from whose sketches illustrate this article, the notes of sincerity and breadth are well struck. Both as painter and etcher he shows the effects of a wide experience, first in the

West, where he was born, then in the art centres of the Continent. He owes royalty to Paris for the distinction which marks his portraits of pretty women.

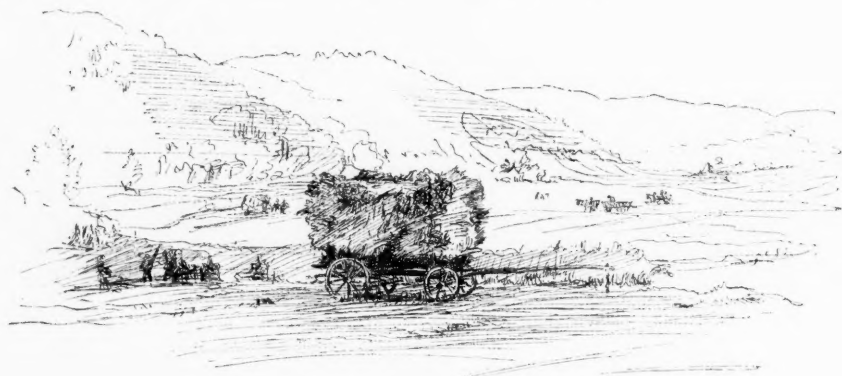
An associate of the National Academy since 1887, he ranks high in the able group of young artists from whom great things may be expected.



A BAVARIAN FARM WAGON.



MEXICAN OX-CARTS.



HAY WAGON NEAR MUNICH.

MONDA

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Accompanied by illustrations from the Artist Lansing's portfolio.

V.—Continued.



By Frank Fowler.

A HEAD.

he apostrophized Wakeman, while pretending to examine his picture closely. "How do you expect me to paint while you're firing off this sort of news at us?"

Stephen picked up the brush and handed it to him, also saying to the unseen conspirator in the thicket: "Is this all true, Wakeman?"

"It is all true," answered the voice of Wakeman, like that of a green ghost from among the leaves.



From a painting by William M. Chase.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE FIELDS.

"Then why did you take part in it?"

"Because I was a coward."

"How?"

"Well, I was with Lee Rhodes in the death-chamber, saw him do it, and remonstrated. 'It's too late to change it now,' said Lee. 'Father is dead.' And, sure enough, there he lay blank on his pillow, with staring eyes. 'I'll expose you!' I told him. 'No, you won't,' said he. 'You will sign your name here as witness. Failing that, you will die by your own hand. As a lively "sport," you are known to carry a pistol; but I took that pistol from your room this morning.' Saying which, he cocked it at me. 'Now,' he explained, 'either you sign and keep silence, with a gift of ten thousand dollars from me, or your own pistol shoots you through



From a painting by Yeend King.

MARGUERITES.

the heart, and will be found in your hand afterward. Suicide, because you were desperate at not receiving a legacy you expected.' Well, gentlemen, that was another case of mortmain, with a pistol in it; and I chose to keep my live hand, with ten thousand in it. I accepted."



From an etching by Daniel Kots.

ON THE HACKENSACK.

The voice of Wakeman answered: "To meet me, again, safely, take my testimony, and protect me. That fellow Emery is in the pay of Lee Rhodes. He is hunting me; and unless you get this thing fixed pretty quick, he will kill me before I have time to bear witness. Do you agree to meet?"

"Yes, rascal," said Lansing, mixing paint furiously.

"Yes, wretch," said Stephen.



From a painting by Benjamin Eggleston.

FANCY FREE.

"Scoundrel!" muttered Stephen, stamping on the ground. But, as Lansing warned him to be quiet, he pointed one arm toward the sea, and gazed that way, although the only noticeable object in view was a ruddy-colored cow in one of the fields. "What do you wish us to do, then?" he asked, turning toward the bushes.



Drawn by W. Francis Weed.

HOPEFUL OF A BITE.

"You ought to pity me," said the voice of Wakeman, sadly; and a sudden compassion smote Stephen.

"I do pity you," he said. Then, as though the earth had closed over Wakeman, the voice of confession ceased. The winds blew gently; the butterflies danced; the sweet flowers nodded in the grass, and the sea, afar off, rumbled softly. Stephen and Lansing remained quiet and expressionless, because they dared not betray Wakeman's guilty presence nor their own innocent knowledge to the spy, Emery. Yet, amid all this peaceful charm of the afternoon scene, they knew themselves to be at the very heart of a sinful, harrowing story, that might soon break out into scandal or possibly violence.

VI.

As soon as the light changed enough to give them excuse for leaving, Lansing and Stephen gathered up their painting traps and departed from the field-angle quickly, but in silence; leaving Wake-man in his covert, where he still gave nor sound nor sign of life.

They agreed that their first duty was to impart the painful disclosure to Mrs.



From a painting by W. L. Metcalf.
A LILY POND.

Rhodes. A piteous scene it was when they

told her in the long old parlor, with its faded, stately furniture. Stephen thought he should never forget that sight—the clear summer sunshine coming in through the tall windows, touching here and there the simple flowers exquisitely disposed in vases and glass bowls, and resting tenderly on the bowed gray head—for Mrs. Rhodes had flung her arms out on the little mahogany table by which she sat, and had hidden her face, resting it upon them.

Poor Mrs. Rhodes; poor Angela!—for that was her gentle, old-time name—at that moment, though grieving deeply, she was indeed an angel.

“Oh, I am so sorry for him, so sorry!” she moaned. And then she lifted her streaming eyes to them. “We knew,” she continued, “that there was something wrong or unjust about it. We thought it undue influence. We knew Lee was cold, grasping, selfish—cruel toward us; and we were not strong enough to forgive all that. But now, if he is a *criminal*, how I pity him.”

There was a pause, during which Lansing and Stephen felt themselves to be the most useless men alive.

Suddenly Mrs. Rhodes started up with a hushing gesture. “But, gentlemen—my dear friends,” she impressed upon them (and how Stephen’s heart bounded at the phrase “dear friends”); “Monda must know nothing about this. No doubt it was your duty to tell me, and my duty to hear it. I—I thank you.” Yet there was



From a painting by Emile Stangé.
IN THE JERSEY MEADOWS.



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey.
A CHARACTER SKETCH.

a sob in her voice. "We have done our duty; can we not stop at that? I must pledge you not to let my daughter know."

The two men remained decorously sitting; but, mentally, they were on their feet again. They perceived, now, that they had a part to play in life, after all.

"But justice, Mrs. Rhodes," Lansing began.

"Oh, I care nothing about *that*!" exclaimed the white haired angel, with grand feminine disdain.

"Well, then—mercy," argued Stephen. "There is the question of Wakeman's conscience. Is it not mercy to him, to let him free it and help make reparation?"

"It might be, to him," responded Mrs. Rhodes; "but certainly it would not be, to Lee. I cannot allow anything to be done in that direction, anything looking to punishment, at such fearful cost to our family name." And here perhaps a note of mere human pride mingled with the angelic tone.

"Neither justice nor mercy——"

At that moment, Monda entered



From a painting by E. M. Ricknell.

DESERTED.



From a painting by Frank DeHaven.

A POTATO FIELD.

the spacious room. Seeing the two visitors unexpectedly, she stopped with an instant's fright, then bowed to them gently and moved to her mother, whom she kissed.

All those three who were in the room became spell-bound by her sudden advent, and were almost transported out of themselves; for this reason: in the calm, clear daylight of the old parlor, not in any dusk or doubtful moonshine, they beheld that ethereal nimbus surrounding her figure, which everyone of them had seen before, though under other circumstances; that dreamy yet actual light radiating from her face, from the delicate curves of her hair, from her whole form; moving with her as she moved, and pausing with her when she paused.

"What *is* it?" she asked earnestly, glancing around from one to another.



Drawn by Edmund Ketchum.

A ROAD THROUGH LAWRENCE.

Monda

"I knew, before I came in, that there was trouble—something alarming. I have *felt* it ever since yesterday afternoon; and now I am sure of it. I can see it in all your faces."

Lansing and Stephen, restrained by what Mrs. Rhodes had said, could hardly venture to reply.

"Ah, I know what it is!" cried Monda, softly, but in the most natural manner, without a trace of weirdness. "That person, Wakeman: you have told me nothing more about him for days. That must be it—something to do with *him*."

There was nothing for it, now, but to tell her the fact; and her mother, yielding, did so, aided by anxious yet half-angry interjections from the young men, burning with suppressed chivalry.

Monda listened gravely and simply, without agitation yet earnestly. "Well," she said, at the end, "as for what you men call justice, I call it revenge! Mere revenge."

"But how about God's justice?" asked Stephen, solemnly.

"God's justice," answered Monda, quietly, with a searching gentleness, "is not human."

She would not consent to, nor even hear of, anything being done to bring the chief criminal to the bar. "You see, my friends," Mrs. Rhodes observed, with a happy smile, "my daughter agrees with *me*."

But the two men pleaded that, Wakeman being suspected by the enemy, his life was in danger; something at least ought to be done to rescue him, guard him, and perhaps ensure to him an honest future. "Besides," Lansing suggested, "who

knows but that all this is a mere scheme of his to obtain money? We have no

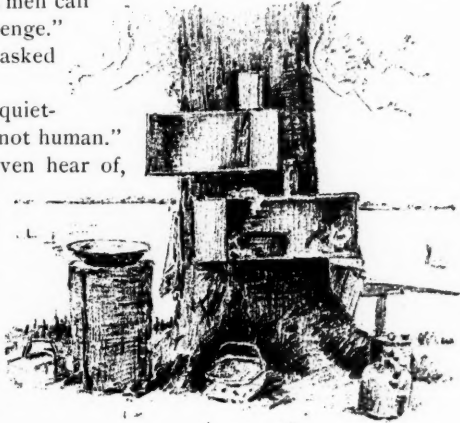
proof of his accusation, yet. Justice and mercy to Mr. Lee Rhodes, as well as fairness to Wakeman, require that we should investigate further."

"Yes, all that sounds reasonable," said Monda. "Still"—and here she showed an anxiety that went to their hearts—"there may be danger in it for you, Mr. Lansing, and for you, Mr. Raynor. I cannot consent that you should put yourselves in peril. Leave it all, I beg you! Or else send word to



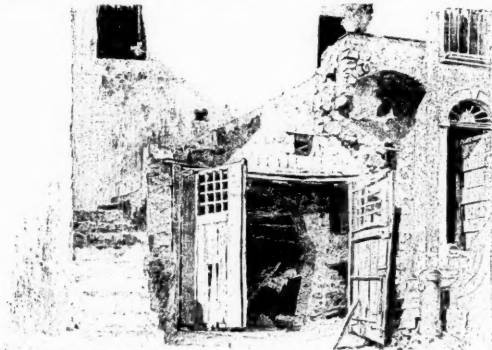
Drawn by Rolland H. Livingstone.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



Drawn by Jane Ames.

THE CAMP PANTRY.



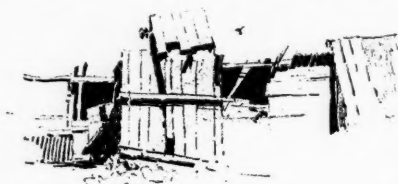
Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.

AN OLD FORGE IN CAPRI.

this Mr. Wakeman to go away, that we do not care anything for the property ; and, if it is necessary, get him an escort of legal officers."

Monda felt that she had solved the problem ; and now the others noticed that the filmy radiance which had hovered round her faded away. The cheery light of

good fellowship returned into her eyes ; and she was the every-day woman once more, with no visible mystery of feminine nature.



Drawn by Walter C. Hartson.

A BACK-YARD SKETCH.

Against the simplicity and sweetness of her argument there seemed nothing to be said. Once more Mrs. Rhodes spoke : "You see, my daughter agreed with me ; and now"—proudly—"I agree with my daughter."

"Well," said Stephen, rising, "we have done what we thought right ; but now, of course, we'll follow your ideas so far as we can. There will be no prosecution. Yet I may have some duties to fulfil toward Wakeman."

Raynor and Lansing withdrew, and the happy vision of the oblong old parlor and those two rare women faded from their sight for a time. But Stephen felt that a sort of crisis had occurred in his life ; that he had received a new insight, though he could not tell what ; and that, somehow, the rest of his career was to be entirely different from his past.

Both he and his comrade, however, were stung by a lively curiosity, still, to learn something more of the Wakeman matter.

That afternoon, while Stephen was pottering in the barn-studio, the lad of the wood-pile loitered in and shyly slid another letter into his hand.

"See here !" cried Stephen, in his general worriment over the affair taking him almost savagely by his ragged collar. "Is this from Mr. Wakeman ?"

"Yes ; it be," said the boy.

"Well, where is he ? Where did you see him ? Where did you leave him last ?" demanded Stephen, gruffly.

"I don't know where he be," replied the little fellow,



Drawn by Daisy E. Clarke.

THE CORNER OF MY STUDIO.



Drawn by Edw. Payne.

A PERSONAL NOTICE.



Drawn by Guy Standing.

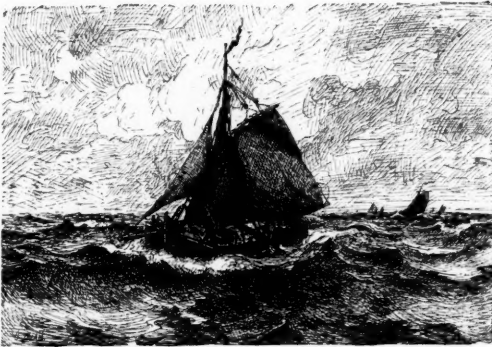
MOONLIGHT.

Monda

tearfully; " 'n I didn't leave him. He left *me*; 'n he wor goin' Montauk way, then."

Drawn by Charles E. Hooper.

"Montauk?" Stephen let go the boy's collar, carrying away from it a snip of rags unconsciously, in his astonishment. For he remembered his first and prophetic vision of Monda—how he had seemed to behold her standing on that lonely head-



Drawn by Walter Dean.

THE DUTCH FISHING VESSEL.

land of Montauk. What strange conjunction of circumstances could it be, which now brought up the name unexpectedly, and perhaps was leading him thither?

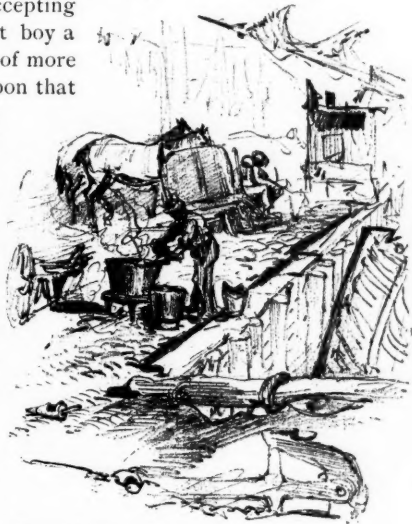
The letter, in fact, which he read while the messenger waited, proposed another and final meeting three days from then, in Hither Wood, the first considerable forest growth on Montauk. A decision, therefore, must be made. Stephen saw that it was useless to consult any longer with others. Moreover, as to

any question of peril, the letter provided: "Make police arrangements, if you wish. Or bring a few discreet friends, if you like, and post them near. You do not really need them; but it might be safer for me."

This appeared so like good faith, that Stephen impetuously resolved to risk everything and to go by himself, with only a trusty weapon in his pocket for emergencies. He scribbled a hasty note accepting the appointment, and gave the bare-foot boy a handsome fee to carry it, with a promise of more if he should deliver it safely; whereupon that small functionary made his exit with a hand-spring, followed by caperings of delight.

A voice within Stephen cried: "For Monda! All is for Monda, now!" Every fancy of any other earthly alliance or loyalty disappeared; even the golden dream of fair-haired Dora vanishing; and if he could not serve Monda to some practical purpose, he was determined to work for her still in a kind of abstract devotion.

But, as luck would have it, the very next day Schemerhorn and Selden, with Dora Morton, organized a driving expedition to Montauk light-house, in which they invited Monda and her mother, with



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

AT COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK.

the Lansings and Raynor, to join. By presenting themselves at "the light" as castaways, or people shipwrecked on land, they had reason to believe they would be sheltered there overnight; and the whole trip was looked forward to as a great lark. Ste-



Drawn by L. Clarence Ball.

THE OLD WILLOW.

phen, in case Emery were anywhere about. To escape him and also to avoid being intercepted on the road by the returning Selden-Morton party, he made a very early start, although he was not to reach Hither Wood in any haste. Sending a closely covered wagon ahead into the woods, he made a detour to it by backways through the fields—a precaution which turned out to be futile.

For just as Stephen had leaped into his place behind the driver, and was congratulating himself that all was well, there came a splash and patter of small feet along the wet road, and a thin, boyish voice crying: "Mister, Mister! Stop, oh, please!" Stephen leaned out from



Drawn by F. W. Henrich.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

phen, however, could not go without betraying or missing his appointment with Wakeman, though Hither Wood lay directly on the way. He was forced to confide to Lansing his real reason for declining; and his friend approved it, reluctantly agreeing, also, to keep it secret from the others.

Their little caravan of two smart covered wagons departed next morning on the long thirty-mile route; and he was left alone for a day, which he spent chiefly in the rustic studio, deeply contemplating the bust of Monda, and falling into moods of jealousy regarding Selden, for his nearness to her. The following day began dolefully with fog and mizzle; but this rather pleased Stephen, because it promised to make his movements less observed.



Drawn by Sydney R. Burleigh.

A WINTER EVENING.

the leathern side-curtains to look around, and beheld the little secret-service messenger of Wakeman, panting, pale and wan.

"What's the matter?" he asked, nervously.

"Oh, he wrung my neck; yes, he did," the youngster complained, putting up his hand to feel that useful bond between brain and body.

"Who?"

"That black man you told me about—that Emery."

"Emery! When?"

"Yistiddy—no; day 'fore yistiddy," said the boy. "He caught me on the road, 'n he wrung my neck till I give up your letter. Then he read it 'n said, 'All right,' 'n give it back, 'n I carried it to Wakeman out on Napeague"—the long, low isthmus between Amagansett and Montauk. "But that black fellow, he told me not to go nigh you again; and I daresn't till I see you a-startin' out this way. Oh, mister, please take me in!"

So, then, the enemy had captured his despatches; and what was likely to be the result for Wakeman? Could it be fatal? Should he ever again behold the poor fellow alive?

In Hither Wood there is a granite rock with strange red stains upon it, which from earliest times were held to be the blood-stains of an Indian chieftain slain there; whether by fair means or foul, who knows? It was under the lee of this rock that Wakeman and Stephen were to meet. And then there was another legend, also, of a rock upon Montauk, with a strange footprint in it that matched another on Shelter Island, many miles away, and corresponded to still a third one on the distant mainland. Those three huge footprints, as the witching story ran, marked two great leaps which the evil spirit—Mucheshesumetoo—had made on his way to fling himself into the sea, when he was exorcised and cast out from a great Indian pow-wow, long, long ago.

A breath from these old fables seemed to blow upon Stephen, as he drew near his destination; and with this there was mingled a very real and present dread of something fearful that was about to happen, or likely to happen, in that place. "Yet why," he asked himself impatiently, "should we modern beings be affected by such idle myths and remote fancies, or even by what we call mysterious warnings?"

As though to encourage him, the fog retreated to its



Drawn by Howard C. Christy.

BEECH TREES.



Drawn by H. S. Watson.

A KNOWING ONE.

unseen lair ; the sun came out. They had passed the half-swampy isthmus of Napeague, and Stephen's spirits rose. But as they drew near to Hither Wood the sky clouded again ; all the landscape took on a lowering, malignant look, and a noise of wandering thunder trembled through the air.

"Now, quick !" said Stephen to the driver. "Here is where we are to turn off. There are the bars we must let down to get into the field. Then we drive over that, and you get under cover of the trees in case it rains. I'll take the boy with me."

Soon the two were trudging through the wood according to the direction Wakeman had given in his note. The expected rain did not descend ; but as they came out into a high opening that gave a view over the barren Montauk hills they paused a moment, involuntarily, and in



Drawn by C. E. Hooper.

A SKETCH IN SPRING.

that moment a dark figure appeared before them on the edge of the slope.

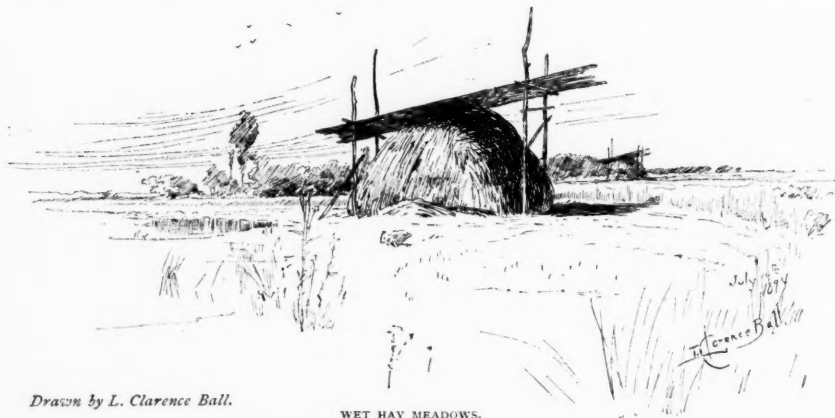
It was Monda !

The sky had blackened so that it seemed like night ; but her form stood out clearly against the sable background with a faintly discernible illumination around it.

"Mr. Raynor !" she exclaimed, starting forward with a finger uplifted. "Why are you here ?"

"And you ?" he asked in amazement. "How does it happen ?"

"Because," she said, "I am afraid—afraid for you. We are on our way back from the light. An accident to one of our wheels, just below here, stopped us ; and I—I have been so anxious. Though I could not tell why, somehow I felt, I *knew* you were in trouble. I supposed you were in East Hampton ; yet while we were



Drawn by L. Clarence Ball.

WET HAY MEADOWS.

waiting—they're trying to repair the wheel—I grew so restless ; it seemed to me I must come up this hill and look——”

“For me ?” Stephen exclaimed, inquiring with a sort of triumphant hope.

Surprised into embarrassment, she bent her head, without reply ; then, though blushing still, she raised her face and gazed at him with clear, straightforward eyes. “But you haven't told me what brought *you* here,” she said.

“A vital matter,” he answered, suddenly realizing again the peril that might be hanging over Wakeman. “I will explain it afterward. Now there is not a moment to lose.”

“No, no, Mr. Raynor,” Monda protested, seeing him turn quickly as though to leave her. “Whatever it is—you must not go.”

“And why not ?” he demanded, facing round again.

“Because you are in danger,” she declared, earnestly. “Wait here, I beg of you !”

Stephen was carried away with a sudden fervor. “Wait ?” he repeated. “Ah, if it were only that you were trying to save me—not from danger, but from the rest of my life alone ; then, Miss Monda, I might wait ; yes, and gladly.”

“Hush,” she warned him. “Trust what I say. Wait !”

From the depth of the wood, while she spoke, came a deep, baying tone, wild but musical. “What's that ?” Stephen exclaimed, with a start.

“It must be Mr. Selden's fox-hounds,” Monda explained. “He insisted on bringing them, though they're of no use at this season ; and he let them loose when we stopped.”

“They're on a trail of some sort,” Stephen returned ; “and I must follow mine. Wakeman is in this wood, and it is my duty to find him. That enemy of his, too—Good God ! What if they have met and I should be too late !”

Again the storm rumbled a warning ; but, though Monda clasped her hands in appeal, Stephen plunged again into the wood, with his ragged follower ; and as he disappeared Monda glided down the open hill, to summon the others.

The fox-hounds were still booming their deep notes, or snarling on a baf-



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.
A BELLE OF NEW YORK.



Drawn by F. T. Richards.

A RELIC OF 1750.

fled scent, when Stephen and the lad reached the red-stained granite rock. There the heavens showed again through the encircling trees. The thunder, as it fled, bellowed one shriek of deep though waning laughter; and Stephen beheld, leaning against the rock, the listless and neglected form of Wakeman, with blood oozing from his breast.

"Run, boy; run!" cried Stephen to the urchin. "Go; find Mr. Lansing."

He did what he could to stanch the wound; gave Wakeman brandy; and so far revived him before the others came, that the stricken man was able to explain how Emery, creeping around the boulder (the old Indian chieftain's death-place), had surprised and attempted to kill him. A sudden, silent struggle had followed; but just as the wretch gave that dangerous knife-thrust from which Wakeman fainted, the noise of the approaching dogs frightened him off, and he took flight.

An odd thrill passed through Stephen as he realized that, but for the brief delay which Monda had caused, he, too, might have fallen in with the murderer! Had not her prophetic sympathy and vision saved his life?



Drawn by Henry Russell Wray.
A DANDY OF THE PLAINS.

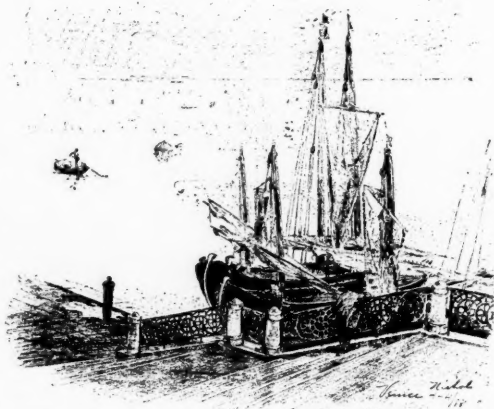


Drawn by Percy Nicholson.
HOWDY, SAH!

VII.

WHEN the Selden party came up, they held a council, and decided to carry the wounded man on a litter of boughs to the nearest water-point, the landing in Fort Pond Bay. It was a long, hard tramp; and the ladies, therefore, were sent on their way, with a farewell, homeward. As the men moved slowly in the other direction with their burden, it seemed to Stephen that he himself, in the parting from Monda, was bidding farewell to life; and, as before when going to the tryst with Wakeman in the fields, the little beauties of nature affected him with melancholy.

The cheery scarlet pimpernels opening now again under the sunlight, in stony places; the gold flower of the sensitive



Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.

AN OUTLOOK IN VENICE.

Monda

plant, with its feathery leaves ; the pale sweet ladies'-tresses by the way, or clustering green and crimson painted-cup ; and the faint rose-tint of the crane's bill here and there—despite their gayety, all looked to him like memorials of former happiness strewn upon a bier.

There was indeed a long separation in store for him. The friends came to the conclusion that the only way to insure proper care of Wakeman would be to send him at once to a New York hospital by way of the Sound ;

the distance to the rail, and a long journey by train, involving too much risk. Fortunately a tug-boat was cruising near Fort Pond Bay, and Selden immediately chartered this for the purpose ; promising also to make all needed arrangements for an ambulance and hospital shelter, by telegraph. There was no one to go with Wakeman but Stephen. So he found himself still linked to the destiny of this man, who had come into his



Drawn by Rosalind C. Pratt.

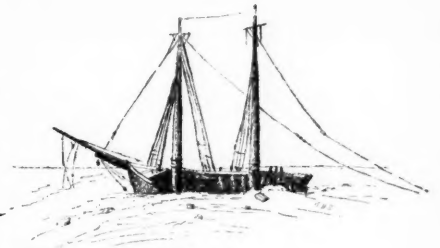
AN ODD CORNER BY THE SEA.

life so strangely a few weeks before, and was carried by it away from Monda and his cherished work.

The only condition he made was that, in his absence, Lansing should keep the bust of Monda intact, and sprinkle the clay carefully, so that it should not fall to pieces. "Treat it as you would a flower," was his parting word, "that needs the dew to keep it living."

The injured man's wound, made worse by unavoidable delay in treatment, proved to be slow of healing ; and Stephen, with a devotion he could hardly explain to himself, remained as constantly near him as the regulations of the hospital would allow.

Meanwhile, although Emery managed to keep out of sight and was believed to have escaped from the country, the fact of his attempt on this poor outcast's life had become so public, that it created the wildest gossip all through East Hampton, in the artists' colony and circles also, and among the City friends of the Rhodes family. How the underlying truth came to be guessed was as much a mystery as it usually is in such cases ; for none of those entrusted with it would admit having made it known ; but out it came, like



Drawn by S. B. Skelding.

ABANDONED.

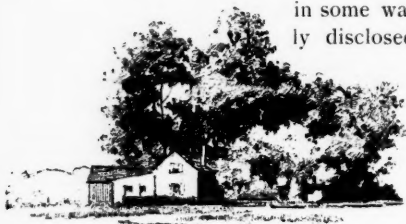


By Albertine Randall Wheelan.

THE SPANISH DANCER.

a spurt of fire through smoke ; and Lee Rhodes found himself so conspicuous in the glare, that he was driven to do something for relief.

To make open restitution would be to admit his guilt before the world, and nothing could force him to this. But, in some way not generally disclosed, the worldly estate of Mrs. Angela Rhodes experienced a wonderful improvement. It was whispered that while she



Drawn by Gustave Liebscher.
ON LONG ISLAND.



Drawn by H. G. Maratta.
A QUIET CORNER.

claimed nothing, pressed for nothing, and even shrank with a kind of dread from sharing in the ancestral lands which had been diverted from her husband, a compromise had been effected, or rather a tribute of conscience on Lee's part had been allowed, which put her now in a position of what, to her, was wealth.

When Stephen first heard of this, by a letter from Lansing, he was sitting beside Wakeman's cot in the hospital on Fifty-ninth Street, near a window that looked out across the way upon a convent of Fathers and their adjoining church: a great basilica of rough-hewn dark gray stone, with many buttresses and high square towers. Nature was in one of her moods of penance. Both the sober convents—suggesting a demure mother, put into the shade by her own massive offspring close

by—and the church itself were wet with rain, that dripped like slow tears down the shaggy face of stone or, from the convent window-mouldings, fell in a quick string of drops like bright, dissolving rosary beads.

The pensiveness of the outlook accorded with Stephen's feeling ; for this news of Monda's indirect accession to fortune was by no means exhilarating to him. He had told Wakeman of it ; and that unfortunate wrong-doer, drawing his thin hands together above the counterpane, murmured fervently: "Thank God ! He nearly took my life in doing it, but He has allowed me at last to be a means of expiation and of benefit to Mrs. Rhodes and her daughter." During the weary autumn, which had now merged into winter, a silent intimacy—not talkative or confidential

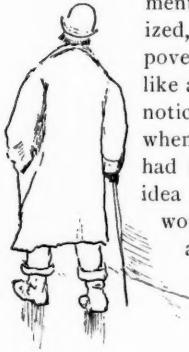


Drawn by E. L. Morse.
BYRON, A FARMER'S SON.

—had sprung up between these two men, so unlike in character, in their past, and in their prospects.

And now, after a moment, the invalid, though the piercing quickness of his eyes faltered through illness, cast a searching glance on his friend, and said earnestly: "You ought to marry that girl. Do you know it?"

Stephen smiled half bitterly, and made no reply. He did not blame Wakeman for the thought; but how could he discuss a hope so sacred with this forlorn remnant of a man? Besides—and that was the distressing point in his reverie—was not Monda now set beyond his reach by a conventional barrier? He had been anxious that justice should be done to her and her mother; yet the very accomplishment of it, he suddenly realized, threatened to part him from her completely. For his own poverty confronted him at this moment as it never had done before, like a skeleton at the feast of life which until then had escaped his notice, veiled as it was, or hidden, by intervening flowers. Hitherto, when he had considered at all the subject of his limited means, it had had a bracing effect; it had been a spur to endeavor. The idea of achieving great things with small resources nerved him to work and filled him with high confidence. But how different it all appeared at present! With a thud in his heart, he recognized that so far, in his chosen field of sculpture—to which, ever since beginning the bust of Monda, he was resolved to devote himself—he had done little more than dream. Fulfilment, the doing of some decisive work, still remained a goal which it might take long to reach.



By G. A. Traver.
IN WET WEATHER.

"Why should money," he asked himself, uneasily, "which is so necessary and we are all so anxious to get, turn into such an obstacle, instead of a help, when it falls upon the path of love?" But none of the reasonings which had sprung up so easily in the case of Dora Morton applied in the least to Monda, he found. The money still continued to be an obstacle, even a menace. "Yes," he concluded, "our ways lie apart. She belongs to society now, and will marry some young fellow floating in 'the swim.' Her place is there, and mine is with the poor—in purse and in art."

Perhaps it was at that very moment that a new idea, a large, controlling purpose, began to grow and



Drawn by Howard C. Christy.

A SAPLING.

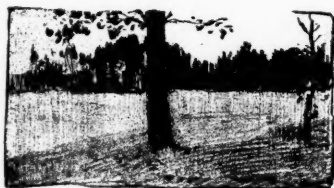


Drawn by J. H. Gates.

A BIT OF LOS ANGELES.

shape itself in Stephen's mind. "The poor!" After all, the thought of them was a fruitful one, even for an artist.

During his daily visits to the hospital, he had seen a great deal of the poor patients as well as of others. The many phases of suffering, the distress or the endurance and meekness, the returning dawn of health and quiet joy of recovery, or the equally calm surrender to death, which met his eye in looking at these stricken



Drawn by A. E. Sterner.

A FIELD IN FRANCE.

members of the vast human army, had sunk deeply into him; how deeply, he did not begin to guess until now. A new chapter in the knowledge of his kind had been opened to him. Or, rather, it was as though, walking the solid earth serenely, and thinking hitherto only of its surface, beauty, or struggle and busy action, he had suddenly become aware that it was transparent, and had gazed down into an immense depth.

There he beheld its inmost workings—the secret fire, the ebb and flow of forces, heard also the muffled groanings of the globe, began for the first time to apprehend the mysteriousness of human history, how far the roots of life reach down,

and how all that we can see or imagine of it, or of the earth, is but an outgrowth of the unseen.

It was the people in humble circumstances who, unconsciously, revealed most to

him, and therefore interested him the most. From seeing them here, also, he became desirous of learning more about them in their ordinary surroundings at home.

"I can put you in the way of seeing plenty of that," said one of the surgeons, with a smile half cynical, half indulgent; "but I assure you you'll find it very tame and tiresome." To his professional mind they became absorbing objects only when they needed serious treat-



By J. Wells Champney.

A PRETTY FLOWER.



Drawn by E. A. Burbank.

OLD GERMAN HOUSES.



Drawn by W. B. Green.

THE OLD WETHER.

ment. But he introduced Stephen to some health officers and young physicians who practised in poor districts, and were able to uncover for him the roofs of many houses, so to speak, and show him what was going on inside.

There was another line, also, on which he followed this new study. The head of the hospital, it appeared, had no very cordial disposition toward the Fathers across the street. But Wakeman, who had fallen away from the active practice of his childhood's religion, insisted—when he seemed near death—upon receiving the ministration of one of them ;

and now that he was on the high-road to full recovery, he still demanded and was allowed to have the support of such good company. This was all done by Stephen's mediation.

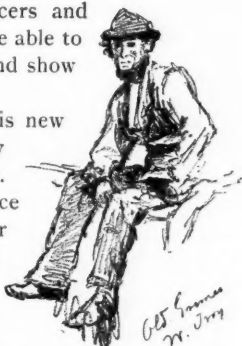
So he naturally fell much into association with the faithful community of the convent, and grew to be interested in their mission work, and also in their teaching and their charitable service. His insight into the existence of the great human majority, therefore, went on increasing ; and in the studio which he had promptly set up, not many squares away, he had already modelled numerous little wax or clay sketches, not only of the sick, but also of types among rough or simple every-day folk.



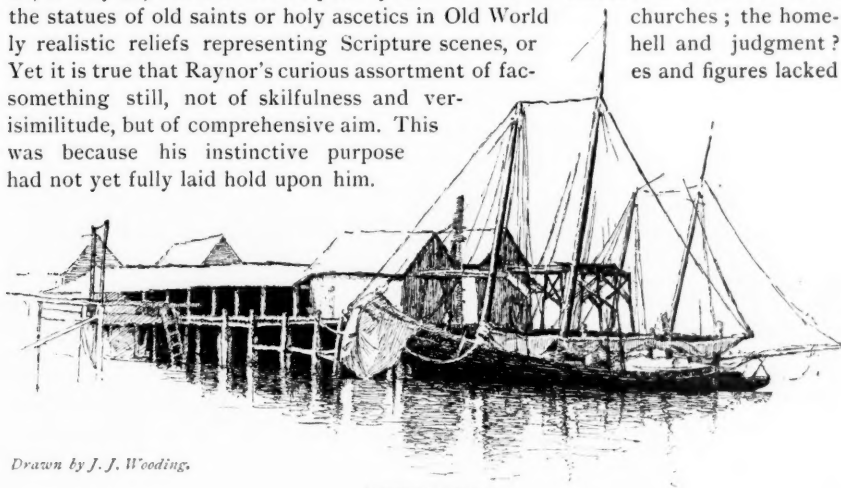
Drawn by Henry Russell Wray.

A YOUNG TEXAN.

Rude and unattractive, you would have said some of them were ; and some were wholesome and refreshing to look at. But the sad, strange records of suffering, of agony, of exhaustion, and of wasted features, taken from the hospital, you would probably have called abnormal and unfit for sculpture. So, it may be, was the torture portrayed in the famous Laocoön. And how about the statues of old saints or holy ascetics in Old World churches ; the home-hell and judgment ? es and figures lacked



Drawn by Chas. S. Reinhart.
OLD GRIMES.



Drawn by J. J. Wooding.

A COUNTRY WHARF.

His brain and fingers worked well ; but he was making literal transcripts, memoranda of common yet characteristic things usually avoided by his art, without understanding what he was to do with them.

The greatest difficulty, and the greatest triumph, in art, is to be thoroughly imbued with a clear purpose, yet never to let such clearness of purpose make you cold, self-conscious ; in other words, to remain unconscious in glowing creation, while knowing intellectually just what you are about.



Drawn by Yeend King.

FROM GREEN TO GOLD.

Stephen had not passed that stage of difficulty, or gained that triumph.

Still, on this early winter day, while he sat here by the cot, the way began to open before him. The air without was growing colder ; and before long the rain turned to snow. Stephen was thinking of the last time he had seen Monda ; that depressing farewell while he and the other men stood by

the litter ; and yet he wished that it were to do over again, because the clearing away after storm had been so beautiful, the wild, rolling landscape so fascinating in the sunlight, sparkling with random drops. He fancied he could see the shining, voluminous clouds, with outlets of blue sky between, and the dancing little white-caps on the Sound, with a few gulls dipping in the waves toward Gardiner's Island, as he steamed away. . . . But it was snow that was falling, beyond these window panes ; and it seemed to fall between him and the past and shut it off.

As evening came, the white shower spent itself, church and convent showed in a new guise ; with snowy bands or mantlings on the steep roof over the church nave and on the slanting shoulders of the narrow buttresses ; with folds and drifts as soft as ermine nestling along the ledges and projections of the convent. How it brought out their dignity ! the one so meek, the other lofty. The tearful rain had given place to a something white and consecrating in its touch, though formed from the same element. "And so," thought Stephen, "Nature's penance results in



By G. A. Traver.
A STREET VENDER.



Drawn by Lyell Carr.

A THREE-MULE COTTON TEAM.

purity. Sorrow turns into loveliness." Once more he found himself repeating: "The poor—the poor. My place is with the poor." Yet what were those Fathers over there, but the poor? poor by choice, too; vowed to poverty. Poor in spirit, but sublime in achievement for good. So the dark basilica, lightened here



Drawn by A. E. Sterner.

DUTCH BOYS.

and there with snow, among the evening shadows, breathed out to him the inspiration of a religion that mingles with daily life, that finds its way among the humble and neglected and brings joy out of misery, planting beauty in the midst of ugliness and transforming it.



Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.

A BRETON WOMAN.

An emotion passed through Stephen that was like the vibrating of a deep organ-tone. Might it not be possible that, in some distant way at least, this conception of poverty would become real and fruitful in his art?

The new idea had begun to move in Stephen; and the discontent and misery of a little while before fell from him imperceptibly. When he went away from Wakeman, he strolled into the great basilica and lingered reverently there some time, before going on to his modest studio. That night, also, companioned with a thoughtful pipe, all the fragmentary studies he had been producing in the past weeks seemed to gather themselves together in a connected meaning, and new visions rose before him.

VIII.

A LONG time passed. Wakeman got well, and became a problem; but Stephen solved him by taking him in as a pensioner, and afterward factotum, at his studio, a humble, hut-like edifice, originally built for a shop, where there were no shoppers, so that it was both retired and cheap.



Drawn by Carl Wingate.

A CATSKILL COTTAGE.

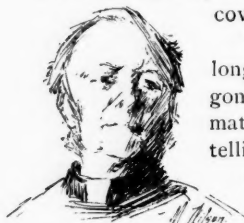
The bust of Monda having come safely from Lansing, he set it up, enshrined, in one corner; watered it daily; kept fresh flowers near it in a crystal vase; and then went on toiling still, absorbed and lonely as an explorer of Arctic seas.

One thawy morning, a sharp tattoo of falling drops from his low eaves seemed to salute an arrival; for at that moment his lean, bronzed mentor Lansing came striding in.

"Well, well, old man," the latter asked, heartily. "What have you been doing in this hermitage?" And then, as

he looked around, craning his neck fantastically: "Hullo! These things! Whose work is this? By Phidias, my boy!—and not by him, either, but away from him, too—you've taken a start. You've begun to do something. No, you've done it; and it's good. It's *new*!" After a further and detailed scrutiny, he continued in a mystified way: "But where did you get all your strength?"

For answer, Stephen walked over to the bust, and silently uncovered it.



Drawn by Maude Wilson.
THE CURATE OF ST. MARK'S.

"I see, I see," responded Lansing, with a long, comprehensive look. "And yet you have gone to the absolute opposite of Monda for your material. How curious! Do you remember my telling you your work was too Greek, yet not Greek enough?"

"Certainly, I remember."

"And that you ought to learn to speak modern languages in your art?—Well, you've found a modern language of your own. Now

go on using it. These studies certainly are not Greek; and still they have a fresh unconsciousness that—well, I'll tell you, if you won't be hurt: they make me think of the Tanagra figurines."

"Hurt, Lansing? Why, you couldn't give me better encouragement," Stephen responded, glowing. "It means, they're true and original."

Thereupon Lansing began

to qualify, judicially. "It's odd, though," he said, "how little beauty you give. Ugliness—or, if you like it better—the grotesque, and pain, have got the upper hand, here."

"Perhaps," the sculptor mentioned, "that's part of their newness."

"I admit the fascination," returned his friend. "But is it necessary?"

"Oh, yes; it's essential," the creator of the figures declared. "In life people must go out and deal with existence and misery just as they are. On the moral basis, we have to give compassion and comfort to our fellow-creatures, without stopping to consider whether they are beautiful and pleasurable, or hideous. We have to infuse beauty into them, and ourselves too, in some way—by charity and inspiration."

(To be continued.)



Drawn by
A. E. Sterner.

A YOUNG HOLLANDER.



Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.
A SICILIAN HOUSE.



Drawn by F. T. Richards.
A MARYLAND TYPE.



Drawn by Charles E. Hooper.

AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF SENTIMENT

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

With original illustrations by Elliott Daingerfield.



"WHAT is Art?" is a question that has been propounded since the first savage scratched in clay his rude representation of bird or beast, and answers innumerable have been returned by mankind, our end of this century seeming inclined to declare as its goddess some Parisian deity or apotheosized commonplace.

Yet among the all-pervading clevernesses and prettinesses that infest the exhibitions, magazines, and studios—the caprices, the dazzling brush-work, the complacent mannerisms—we come now and then, though somewhat rarely indeed, upon the clear, inspiring note, the lofty idealism whose effect George Eliot likened to a quotation from the Bible, or from one of our older poets, in a column of newspaper paragraphs. Such emphatically is the impression produced by the work of Elliott Daingerfield, whose dignified and reverent conception of the artist's calling, together with his ardent devotion in dedicating himself to its highest ends,

without regard to worldly advantages, give him a strong claim upon public recognition and gratitude.

Mr. Daingerfield's art is essentially a serious art; Truth and Beauty are sacred names to him; his religious pictures are painted out of an intense religious conviction.



THE MOTHERS.



CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

tion, his landscapes out of a love of nature as sympathetic as it is strenuous, no merest flower being real to him without the perception of that

“Flower upon the other side, ideal, archetypal . . .”

Sincerity, high aspiration, and a keen sensibility to the poetry and moral worth of existence are the dominating features of his work, and with these go a command of color and a power of rendering unusual atmospheric effects which make him a rare interpreter between the world of spirit and the visible world. This ability to grasp the spiritual significance of a scene and give it a worthy imaginative embodiment, is remarkably exemplified in a picture of the slumbering disciples at Gethsemane, on which the paint is scarcely yet dry.

The marvelous moonlight which hangs over the plain, so solemn, breathless, and beautiful, oppresses the very soul with an overpowering sense of nature's cruel-kind inevitableness; one can almost hear the words of the returning Christ, "Couldst thou not watch one hour?" Another recent canvas, "The Mystic Brim," which seems almost a clairvoyant's vision, reveals the artist under a somewhat different aspect, and finds its best exponent, perhaps, in the lines which accompany it (for he is gifted in more than one form of expres-

sion)—

"I stood upon the
mystic brim
Of all immensity,
And now about
me
Were forms like
seraphim;
Gentle light fell
round the place;
I saw go by
A company
Moving on eternally,

Their voices mingling in pure melody.
Dazed, I stood and heard
The sound of hallelujahs,
Then this—A soul is saved!
Hallelujah!"

Such work can only be appreciated by approaching it from the painter's stand-point, and that all work should be so judged is one of the cardinal points in Mr. Daingerfield's creed.

The pictures reproduced with this article indicate a wide range of achievement; but it is only fair to say that they suffer an unusual loss in black-and-white representation, which gives a feeble idea, for instance, of the ethereal quality of the mist and moonlight scenes in which he is particularly fortunate. The sun, moreover, is an unsparing critic, with a scientific regard for perspective and anatomy which Mr. Daingerfield does not always share.

In the woman carrying a lamb we have one of the "peasant class" of America, a type scarcely to be found except among the Carolinian and Tennessee mountains, though still occa-



A PEASANT WOMAN.



A STUDY.

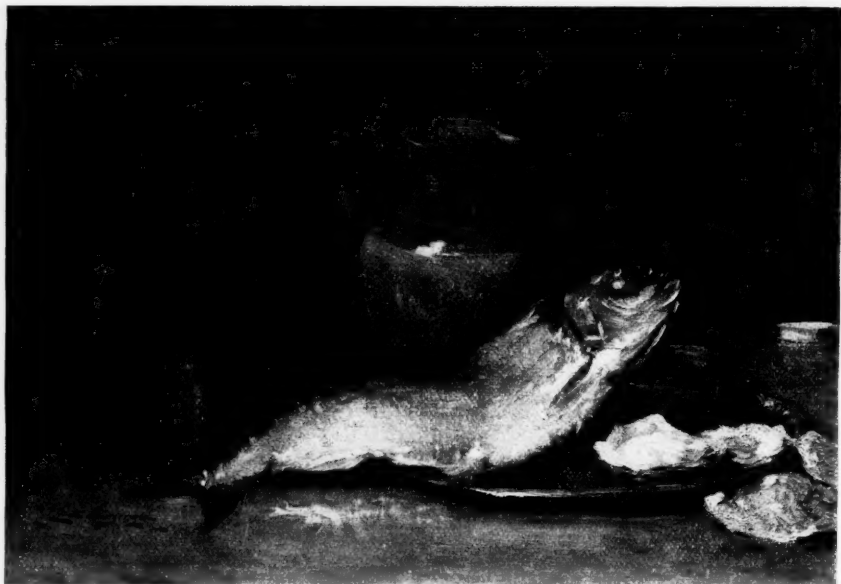


THE LOST SHEEP.



A HARVESTER.

sionally existent under a New England sun-bonnet in the blessed regions unin-
vaded by white umbrellas. This simple creature you feel is a true product of the



SOMETHING FOR BREAKFAST.

soil, not very far removed, in the absorption of maternal love, from her mild-eyed, inarticulate-voiced companion; in fact the whole sentiment of the picture is crystallized in its simple but expressive title, "The Mothers." The young harvester, returning home by the first moonbeams, is another of the Southern subjects which Mr. Daingerfield, a Southerner born, paints *con amore*, and some of his cheerful blossoming landscapes and flower sketches breathe a delightful sunny freshness and spontaneity.



AN OLD OAK.

piece of work, dashed off at white heat, with liberal disregard to detail. It is to be hoped that Mr. Daingerfield may have the opportunity to carry out a cherished design in the decoration with wall-paintings of a church baptistery; at the same time, many will find in his studies of homely life his most interesting and promising vein. He has never, I believe, gone abroad for his themes, except in the case of subjects which, as Hawthorne reminded us in reinterpreting the classic tales, belong to the common fund of mankind and



"A GIANT STALKING THROUGH THICK FOG."

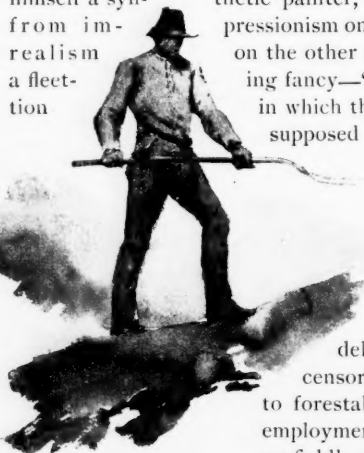
Following "The Mothers" we have a "Christ in the Wilderness," in which the awed ferocity of the crouching wild beasts is strikingly portrayed; and a little farther on is the sacrifice of Abel—a vigorous



SKETCH FOR "CAIN AND ABEL."

have no longer a country or a language. Ardent patriotism is apt to lose sight of the fact that as much originality, as much rampant modernism, if you like, can go to the painting of the Prodigal Son, or Moses, or Baucis and Philemon, as to a picture of New York harbor or the battle of Gettysburg. Lowell is as thoroughly the American, yes, the Yankee even, in the vision of Sir Launfal as he is in the Biglow Papers.

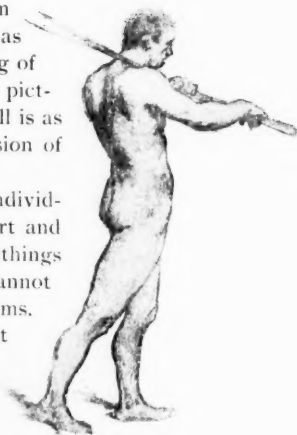
And Mr. Daingerfield is in all things a pronounced individualist, declaring that "what we need in America is more art and less nature," that is, less of things as extrinsic facts, more of things taken up and transformed by the individual soul. "We cannot paint nature, we can only reveal it," is one of his aphorisms. He conceives of art as an eternal principle, which may exist without an atom of the skill to embody it—and "the office of the artist is to express the beautiful." Calling himself a synthetic painter, he is as far removed from impressionism on the one hand as from realism on the other; regarding the former as a fleet-tion



THE FARMER'S MAN.

than the technical side, and everyone is thus left with criticisms of the artist's treatment and methods. Faults are not hard to find; his biblical subjects, though conceived with real power, are occasionally overweighted with allegorical meaning.

Mr. Daingerfield is still a young man, whose work as an artist covers a period of only about fifteen years, keenly alive to his deficiencies, content to "paint to a small audience;" and the gain in intellectual grasp, breadth of treatment, distinction of touch, and skill as draughtsman and colorist which his late pictures show, make his future work a matter of no little interest to those who care for art in America.



A STUDY.

in which the method of doing is out of harmony with the supposed impression produced." He would have students first master their tools—then paint from within. "What we want is not somersaults in paint, or sleight-of-hand charcoal tricks—we want charcoal and paint as tools to express noble thoughts."

The easiest part of criticism is unfavorable criticism, and discovering flaws is such a delightful exercise, and reflects such credit on the censor's discriminative powers, that it would be a pity to forestall any *soi-disant* connoisseur in that congenial employment. It seems natural to deal with Elliott Daingerfield's work according to the spirit rather than the letter—in other words, from the emotional rather than the free to suit himself



PICKING UP POTATOES.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY OF SUBJECT

BY CLARENCE COOK.

With original illustrations by Percival De Luce.

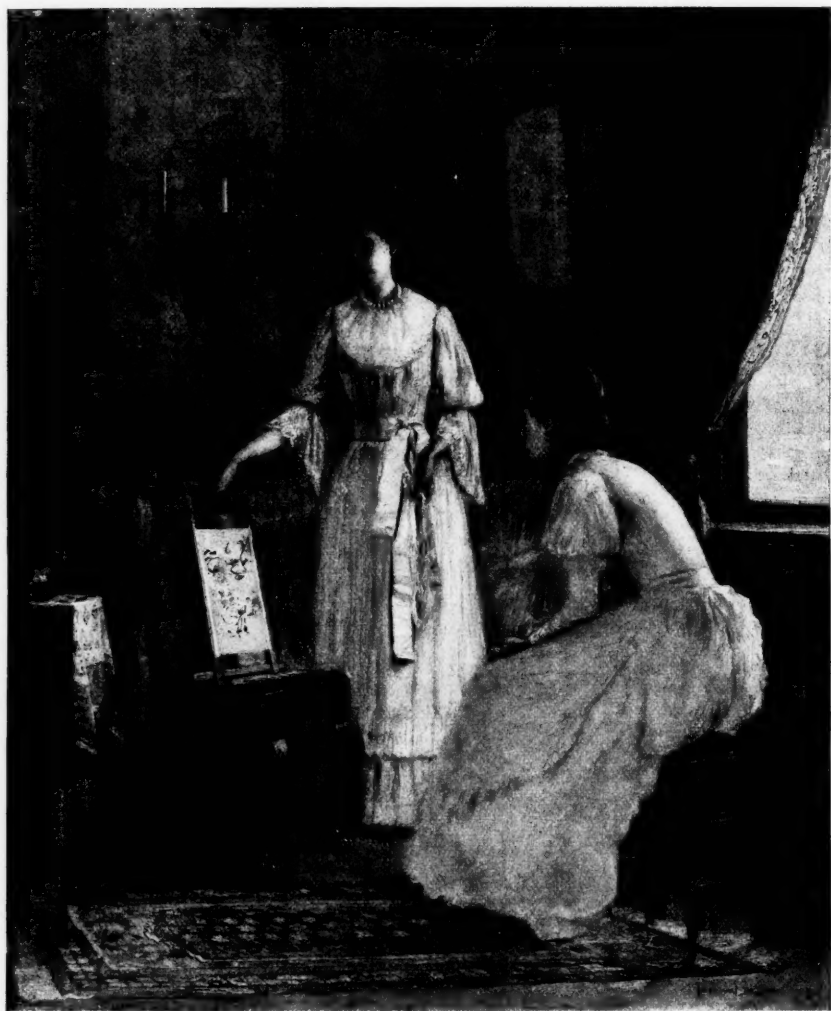


HELPING HANDS.

PERCIVAL DE LUCE's lyre—for the artist uses lines and color where the poet uses words—is of small compass, but serves him well to express his thoughts. He does not deal in high ideals but keeps the common road, and records in his pictures the every-day incidents that, slight or even insignificant in themselves, are invested with a certain charm when touched by the hand of art. A little child bringing her small armful of gleanings in the wheat-field to swell the store of her mother and sisters; the anxious widowed mother, listening intently to news from her sailor son, read by his wife, his child at her side, and the servant pausing in her work to listen; the younger sister asking her elder sister's advice about her half-finished embroidery; the maiden of fourteen summers idling in her hammock under orchard boughs, divided in her innocent mind between her book and some absent playmate; a child looking at her ringlet-framed face in an old-fashioned dressing-glass; baby at her breakfast with pussy at her side discreetly waiting for a share of the por-



TIDINGS FROM THE SEA.



ASKING ADVICE.

ringer's contents—these and such as these—subjects of no importance in themselves—are made worth our notice by the direct, simple and honest treatment of the artist. The air of unconsciousness, the naturalness of gesture and attitude, without the appearance of effort, and absolutely without affectation—these qualities, of the highest importance in the treatment of such subjects, and far more difficult of attainment in them than in those of a heroic or romantic character, are conspicuous in Mr. De Luce's work, and are perhaps the chief source of his popularity.

There is a side on which the artistic indifference to the subject of a picture is



A CLOVER-LEAF.

justified. The true artist can make any subject interesting, or can invest with charm any commonest object in nature or art. How often, in our walks about even such a city as New York, seemingly as poor in artistic interest as a chess-board, do we happen upon incidents that rightly treated would



SELF-STUDY.

make pictures to be remembered, or at any rate such as would strikingly fix attention for a time. Far more interesting to an artist's eye than the costly houses that line the noble Riverside Drive, are the masts and spars of the freighting vessels and sloops

that lie at the wharf, seen at the enchanting hour when the night bids farewell to the eastern wending day. At such an hour,

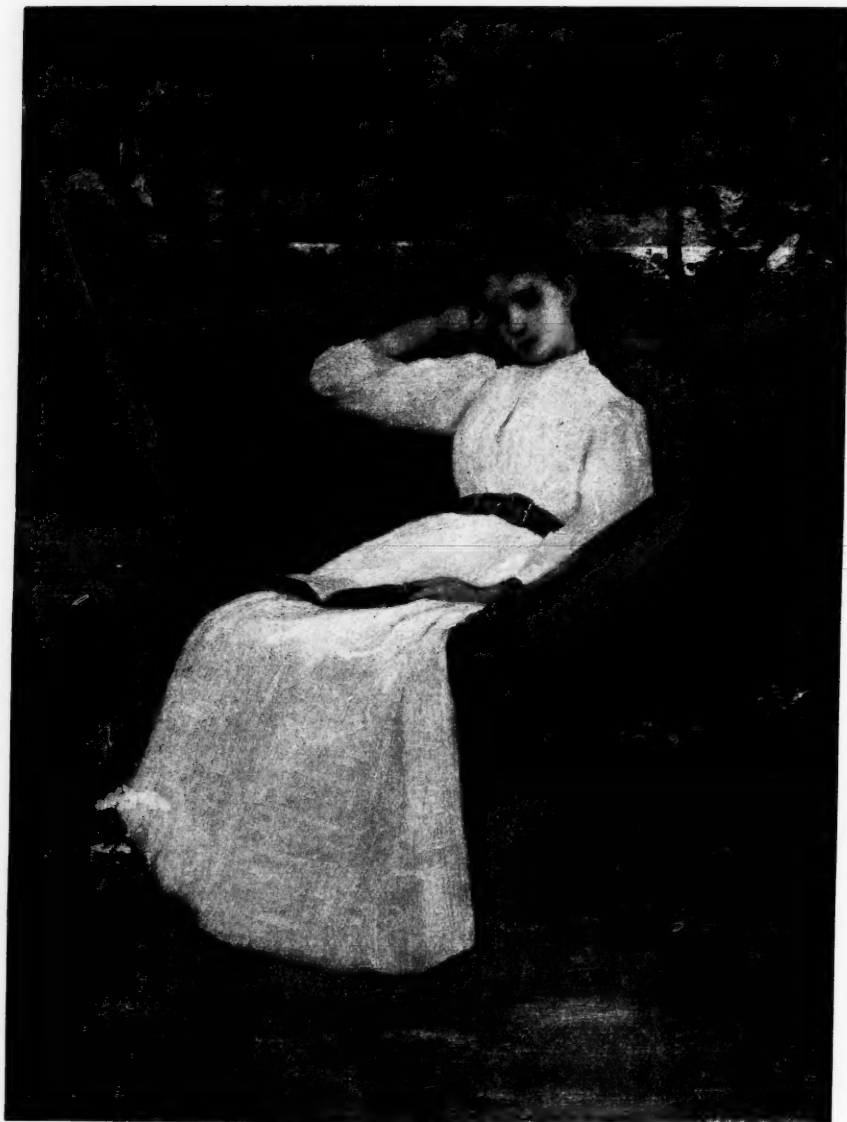
too, the great hulks of the grain - elevators atone for our lack of buildings that appeal to the imagination, as do the huge bulks of the European cathedrals overtopping their towns. Nor is it necessary, as some of our artists, impatient of facts,



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."



ON HER GOOD BEHAVIOR.



SUMMER IDLENESS.

have done, to invest the daily realities of our city and its bay with the pyrotechnics of Turner, or the kaleidoscopic effects of Monet or Renoir. Their magic is their own; it does not need to borrow a charm from any other source. A painter like our Edward Simmons, choosing his hour—and Nature has everywhere her favorite hour—could do for our bay, or for either of our embracing rivers, what he has done for the Bay of Penzance or the water of St. Ives.

These perhaps are subjects that call for higher artistic powers than fall to the common lot; but though it seem like paradox, it is true that things of positively no interest in themselves can be made more than interesting, can become the source of positive pleasure: an earthen jug or dish in a picture by Teniers—see the flower in a glass bottle in that excellent picture ascribed to



A SPANISH SEÑORITA.

George Gyze, though they have the defect of distracting us from the young merchant's face; or, to come down to our own time, the pile of dinner-plates, delightful to see even in photograph, in Dagnan-Bouveret's "Nuptial Blessing." Looking, the other day, at a picture by Chase—one of those studio interiors he paints so well—I was struck with the pictorial value given to a mere picture-frame: an ordinary black moulding bordering a black and white drawing in a gray mat. Amid a multitude of avowedly pictorial objects this unconscious frame, secure in its



STUDY OF A HEAD.

him in the gallery of our Historical Society—the Incantation scene; or the crowd of objects on the table in Holbein's portrait of



AN IMPORTANT LETTER.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

absolute truthfulness, became the key-note of the composition.

It is not the illusion produced by this sort of painting—in truth there is but little; it is not the mere skill shown in the painting; such skill appeals to the artist's fellow-artists alone; it is, rather, the power to perceive, and to make us perceive, the inner nature of things reckoned insensible; as Emerson, deeply wise, says of Art, that she can

Give to barrows,
trays, and pans,
Grace and glimmer of romance.



THE FAN—A PORTRAIT STUDY.

The art of the best Dutch painters, has, besides the technical merits that belong to art, the charm that it deals with the life they saw about them in the cottage, the inn-yard, the citizen's house; they painted what they knew and loved, and they were strong just so long as they kept to that faith and practice.

It has not yet been given to our art to match in color or in command of light and shade, the best work of the best Dutchmen.



DO YOU WANT SOME?

It is nevertheless possible for us to match their sincerity, their simple loyalty to nature, and their content with the world in which their lot was cast. The other gifts may come with time. Every artist who deals directly with life, and finds his inspiration in things about him, has at least one sure claim on our regard, and if, on this foundation, he be able to build with beautiful art, his place is secure for all time.

In the pictures of the Dutch artists we are at first more struck with the simplicity of the problem they had to deal with, than with the beautiful ease of its solution. Even with the few clever men among us who emulate the Dutch perfection—and Mr. DeLuce well deserves a place in the catalogue—we are sometimes late in recognizing the talent that has made so much out of so little.

BY THE GRACE OF TERPSICHORE AND BACCHUS

BY MARY T. EARLE.

With original illustrations by Voltaire Combe.



THE SPANISH DANCE.

THE inciting cry of violins and guitars, a swirl of draperies swept into motion by the strong free limbs they clothe, and Terpsichore has given us a picture.

The artist sees it and grasps his brushes. The rush of air, the insistent music, the keen delight of motion, are made to live in the breathless, flat, unmoving, soundless record which his colors make upon the canvas. It is a magic he has learned, and, in marveling at it, gratitude to Terpsichore is forgotten.

Life goes on about us in such colors as the gods see fit to give it, and, because it is familiar and belongs to us all, we should scarcely notice how marvelously it sets the world-wide stage with pictures if the artist did not put us in the way of looking for them, and our proneness to forget life in its interpreter lays a burden of responsibility upon the artist.



JUST AMONG THEMSELVES.

Even when he does not recognize this responsibility, it is met by his instinct for the beautiful. The grotesque may claim him for a time, but in the end, the awkward swaying figure that knows not where its movement may end has little chance against the form of the runner, whose every motion is tense with the grace that is necessity for fleetest motion.

How patient they are, the long-suffering gods and goddesses who inspire the life that painters paint and writers write!

Uncomplainingly they slip into the background and leave all the praise for their

clever imitators
whom we call
artists. They

accept even blame with the philosophy which is the dower of the immortals—and which, perhaps, is the real reason of their immortality.

There is injustice abroad somewhere. We have small praise for Bacchus when he lurks too cunningly in gay or prosaic ambush, and tempts the staid old worthies to stiff-jointed revelry. Yet when the picture is painted, the merry god bears no malice to hear it commended for faithfulness of rendering. He only smiles to himself a very quiet smile.

The artist's love of beauty should step in a second time to guard him against the temptation of extremes. The most striking example of a type is the one which catches the attention first, and, if it were also the most



IN THE WRONG PLACE.

beautiful, it would be universally painted and our pictures would be warped reflections of the average life. Fortunately, accentuation of form seldom walks the same road as loveliness, and if the artist does not tarry too long in following "Where fleeting beauty leads," he will be guided past the exceptional and ultra, just as the scientist is carried safely beyond them in his quest for truth. If it were not so, what beautiful monstrosities would line our walls, and how the gods would stand aloof and sigh!



A FRONTIER MUSICIAN.



THE MEXICAN GUITARIST.

IN GERMAN HARVEST FIELDS

By J. J. RAULSTON.

With original illustrations by Hugo Mühlig.

THE dreamy fall days, with their stillness, waning sunshine, fading leaves, and lush abundance of vegetation, have always appealed very strongly to the imagination of both painters and writers. When to this is added the sentiment of the autumn, when is yielded the fruitage of the year's preparation and pain, there is no cause for surprise that an artist rejoices in this season.

The harvest scenes of Hugo Mühlig laid the foundation of the pleasant fame which he has already acquired in Europe as a painter of rural life in the quiet province where he has made his studies. He is still a young man—perhaps thirty-five years of age—and a thorough German. He studied at Düsseldorf, where now he has established his home; and he first attracted notice by a series of small oil paintings exhibited in the Kunst Halle in that ancient abiding place of art.

These early paintings set the key in which his work has remained and has steadily gained in popularity. They were hints of gray days, with men in smock-frocks steadily swinging those long German scythes that would seem so awkward to an American wheat-cradler; misty stretches over fields of vegetables where women and children were weeding, helped by older children and hindered by babies.

Women working in fields are a familiar sight in Germany and France; it is perhaps not more the natural picturesqueness of their attire and attitudes in their



DIGGING THE POTATO CROP.



HARVESTING THE RYE.

labor which attract, than the sentiment—the underlying sense which the most accustomed man must feel—that the custom is a bad one, and the necessity for it a bit of national pathos, if not an outcome of something worse.

But this sad aspect is not allowed to dominate Mühlig's drawings. The women digging the potatoes by that old thatched farm-house are not worrying over their hard lot; and those in the midst of the rye-field, gathering up the sheaves the men hew down, and lounging upon the fragrant straw between times, are taking great enjoyment of the work and the sunshine.

All of Mühlig's painting shows an unusual power of combining suitable landscape with nicely drawn, well-finished figures, and sometimes these stand foremost, as in the picture of the moorland shepherd sitting in the little hollow by his fire, while his dog keeps a vigilant eye upon the feeding flock. The sketch of the farmer making secure the railing of his sheep-pen, is another rural bit, very homely and pleasing in its suggestions.



THE SHEPHERD'S FIRE ON THE MOOR.



STRENGTHENING THE SHEEP-FOLD.

AN ENGRAVER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY EDWARD T. HEYN.

Illustrated from the works of Daniel Chodowieski, in the possession of his great-grandson, George C. Bunsen.

THE world admires the man who, with an indomitable will, rises above obscurity and unfavorable surroundings, and finally reaches the desired goal in his chosen career. An example of such a character may be found in Daniel Chodowieski (pronounced "Kodov-yetski"), undoubtedly the greatest engraver of the last century. No artist of his time can be compared with him in productivity, in prolificness of invention, and indefatigable industry. He was born in the city of Danzig, on October 16, 1726. His father was a merchant, and in his leisure hours gave the young Daniel instructions in drawing. This instruction, although somewhat deficient, proved to be very beneficial, for the interest of the boy was aroused. In the year 1740, his father died and an aunt continued the lessons. His work consisted in copying engravings which, though by no means perfect, nevertheless strengthened his imaginative powers, and aided in training his eyes to the relation of forms and perspective. His productions were sent to an uncle in Berlin, who sold them for a small sum. Chodowieski's mother did not desire her son to become an artist, so he secured a position with a widow, who kept a grocery in the town. Though his work in the store was very fatiguing, his love for drawing could not be suppressed, and after receiving permission to retire, he would go to his room and draw until he fell asleep, or the candle went out. Sundays he went to church



PARADE OF THE ARMY BEFORE FREDERICK II. AT POTSDAM.



FREDERICK II.

turned to his mother. Here he continued his drawing, and his productions were sent to his uncle in Berlin. This uncle asked Chodowieski to come to Berlin, and he went in the year 1743. In those days Berlin was not the city of art that it is now; Dresden was the art centre, and the artists of Germany congregated there to study, before going to Italy. Berlin was small, its churches contained nothing remarkable, and the royal castles, which contained some art treasures, were not open to young artists. Chodowieski was, therefore, compelled to copy from the prints of unimportant artists.

He fully recognized that to become a great artist, thorough instruction was essential, and as his position became daily more unsatisfactory, he concluded to enter his uncle's business. He became the bookkeeper of the firm, and performed this duty faithfully for many years. However, he could not forget his art entirely; his leisure hours were de-

regularly, but paid more attention to the interior of the edifice than to the service. He would look at the pictures and use the cover of his bible to draw upon, so that no one could see him. His first models were the men and women who came into the store to buy. His difficulty in execution can be imagined, as he had no idea of perspective, and lack of time prevented him from finishing his drawings. Some years later, he returned to Danzig, and when these drawings were shown him, he said, "Miserable as they are, I can see how I have improved in the course of eight years."

After a year and a half the widow gave up the business, and Daniel re-



FAREWELL OF CALAS FROM HIS FAMILY.

voted to study under the guidance of a painter who was an excellent teacher, and was of much assistance to the young man. The young aspirant made such great progress that he concluded to leave his uncle's business, which he did soon after. He called this his second period.

He supported himself by painting on miniature snuff-boxes, many of them in enamel, the designs being copied from the prints of Watteau and Boucher. Several of Chodowieski's productions fell into the hands of a celebrated painter, named Pesne, who was influential in securing a permit for the young man to study the works of Pesne and Watteau in the royal castle at Potsdam. Through the assistance of Pesne, Chodowieski entered a school for young artists, where he worked industriously as only genius can. He never imitated the mannerisms of his teacher, but his drawings were a continual study of forms, shadows, light, and perspective.



OPPOSITION TO STAMP ACT.

While attending social gatherings, he took a position in the background, where he could survey and sketch the whole company. If disturbed in his work, he would be satisfied with an outline sketch which he would fill in and finish at home.

In the year 1756, he made his first attempts at engraving. The Seven Years' War had begun, and the name "Frederick" was in everybody's mouth, for Prussia's king had become a national hero. It was the beginning of the "Storm and Stress" period; a feeling of unity, of patriotism was growing in divided Germany. German literature, which before the Seven Years' War hardly existed in name, was now budding forth with youthful strength. Lessing was writing his "Minna von Barnheim," in which the great Frederick is the central figure. It was natural, therefore, that the young artist should take his subjects in what was of interest to his contemporaries. His engraving of the King of Prussia at a bound placed him at the head of his profession. The king was attracted by the freedom, the vigor, and the grace



BIRTH OF CHRIST.

of the conception, and was much pleased by the picture. The engraving "Parade of the Army before Frederick the Great," which the artist executed soon after, also attracted a great deal of attention. Frederick appears sitting in a stooping position on a spirited charger, with the historical "knotty cane" in his right hand, surrounded by his generals.

Through "Les Adieux de Calas" he became the most celebrated artist of his time. This picture was first painted in oil, and at the desire of many of the artist's friends was engraved on copper. Calas, a Protestant merchant living in Toulouse, France, had raised a family of three

sons and three daughters. One of his sons became a Catholic

through the influence of a servant who had been in the family for thirty years. Another son was of a melancholy turn of mind, and delighted in reading works on suicide. He was found one day dead in his father's storehouse, where he had hung himself. The news spread through the town, and an angry crowd assembled before the merchant's house. They said that the young man had taken his own life because his father had opposed his change of religion. The officers of justice who arrived on the scene were in sympathy with the mob



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

and arrested Calas and his family. All believed in his guilt, and he was condemned to be tortured and his bones broken on the wheel. He was executed March 9, 1762, and his last words were: "I die guiltless, my judges have been deceived, but Christ, who was himself guiltless, suffered a death even more terrible." A storm of indignation spread throughout Europe at the news of this example of bigotry and intolerance. Voltaire, then at the height of his fame, went to Versailles, and laid the matter before the Council of State. Calas was declared innocent, and the Parliament at Toulouse was ordered to punish all those who were responsible for Calas's



SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA.



THROWING THE TEA OVERBOARD.

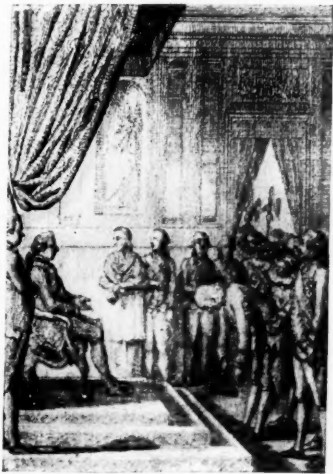
death. Chodowieski's picture represents in a most pathetic way the misery of this unfortunate family, when their father is led to execution.

Lavater, the famous Swiss writer, preacher, and patriot, commissioned Chodowieski to make many designs for his celebrated "Essay on Physiognomy." In his work Lavater endeavored to show that there exists an intimate relation between a man's soul and his outer countenance, and that character could be detected in the expression of the face. Lavater had made a careful study of faces of living persons and from likenesses, and reduced his observations of expression to a regular system. The faces of the great men of his time and of the past were reviewed, and their characters explained. Christ's physiognomy and character were treated with much faith and enthusiasm. Chodowieski furnished a series of admirable engravings showing the life of Jesus from his birth to his death.

The struggle of the American people for independence was watched with intense interest by the nations of Europe. This was especially true of Germany, where the great Frederick openly showed his sympathy for Washington and his little band.



CHODOWIESKI SKETCHING TWO FRIENDS.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BEFORE THE KING OF FRANCE.

A Calendar, entitled "The Historic Calendar of Genealogy," which appeared at Leipzig in 1784, contained an article, "The History of the Revolution in North America, by M. C. Sprengel," with twelve engravings by Chodowieski. These engravings are not of Chodowieski's best, but are interesting for their peculiar conception. His knowledge of American life, manners, and customs seemed to have been somewhat indefinite and obscure, for he shows this when he represents the patriots at Lexington with halberds in their hands, as did the Swiss peasantry who fought for their liberty at Morgarten.

Chodowieski's fame spread far and wide, and it was with great difficulty that he could meet the demands of the booksellers for drawings and engravings for books and almanacs. He was a man of indomitable energy and industry. Often he worked until early in the morning, and frequently went to

sleep without undressing, so that when he awoke he could continue his labors. A large alarm clock was in his room to wake him in the morning. When friends came to visit him he received them kindly, but continued his work. Unremitting in all his efforts, his sole object was to reach the highest possible perfection; and if he did not attain it, it must not be forgotten that the deficient instruction of his youth was a great drawback in his career.

The title of "German Hogarth," which he sometimes received, was the effect of an admiration more imaginative than critical. He had, in common with Hogarth, the vivid representation of life and manners, but no tendency towards the grotesque. Scarcely a book appeared which did not have his vignette. He illustrated the works of many of the world's greatest writers—Richter, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Goldsmith, Richardson, Sterne, Ariosto, Cervantes, and many others. He was well read in history, and gave in his illustrations a true representation of the manners and customs of the time to which they related.

"Our excellent Chodowieski," says Goethe, "represented many scenes of the barbarity and depravity of his time; but he also pictured many amiable scenes of the brighter side of life."



LANDING OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



CHODOWIESKI IN THE MIDST OF HIS FAMILY.

PHANTASIEN KOPFEN

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

With original illustrations by Nathanael Sichel.



A MESSENGER OF LOVE.

THE popular ideal of a beautiful woman is often represented with luxuriant dark hair, full languorous eyes and mouth, close, almost pinched nostrils, and a superb form.

This type is found again and again in the paintings of Nathanael Sichel. He seems to have been influenced by the orientalism of Ebers, and many of his heads might serve as illustrations of Ferdinand Freilgarth's "Egypt."

"A silken turban brodered
With flowers decks thy hair,
A rich and costly necklace
Such as Sultanas wear,
Of thousand links close knitted,
To chain complete and round,
With golden coil encircles
Thy neck which sun and heat have browned."

But the orientalism of the figures is popularized by Sichel, and even where the costume is most thoroughly Eastern there is something Caucasian in the features, which suggests that the pictures were painted in a studio in Berlin, and not in Constantinople or Cairo. They are done with the skill of a master of his craft, and are always beautiful, but whatever name they bear they have a certain similarity proving how strongly their type has impressed itself upon the artist.

How much the public is pleased by ideal heads like these is shown by the constant demand which there is for them, while more striking and more serious work is only appreciated by the connoisseur. Sichel won the Prize of Rome with his painting of "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dreams," but it was his "Phantasien Kopfen" (ideal heads), which were painted much later, that immediately took the popular fancy and achieved for him financial success. He has made these a specialty, though he has gone on painting historical subjects which are always gaining him honors. Paris, where he studied and won his first wide-spread fame, has always been dear to him, and



DEBORAH.



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

A VESTAL VIRGIN.



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

TURANDOT.

he was the first German painter to exhibit at the French Salon after the war.

"Fatima" is perhaps more purely oriental than any other of the illustrations given here. With the rich, skilfully represented silk of the draperies, and the profusion of bangles and pendants in which Sichel delights, she looks as if she might have been summoned out of the days of our youthful fancy by Aladdin's



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

AN EGYPTIAN STAR.

wonderful lamp, except that she has no appearance of ever having worn a veil. Like all these ideals, she looks out upon the world with the steady accustomed glance of one who is used to facing it, instead of snatching swift, delighted, stolen



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

FATIMA.

glances at it. But the soul of the East will ever be more or less of a mystery to the West, and we may well be content with a beautiful representation of the tangible form ; for something that is either undeveloped or elusive exists in the ordinary woman of the Orient, and it must be as hard for the unfamiliar artist to catch her expression and paint her character as to express the moral qualities of an animal without making its features a travesty of the human face.



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

PASCUCCIA.

To the average mind there is a restful feeling in these large, sloe-eyed women of Sichel's, with their look of physical well-being, even though it is but one side of our many-angled nature which finds repose in anything so emphatically reposeful. To some moods these faces only excite a nervous longing to stir their smooth tranquillity into some sort of mental life. It would be good to see what a woman of this type would look like when facing a problem, to see a line or two come into her face. Yet their popularity undoubtedly comes from the great contrast which they



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

SUMMER.

make with the women who hurry to and fro upon our streets. Our tendency is toward the extreme of mental activity and our faces tell too much of the eager life within. There may be more than we think behind these beautiful curved brows;



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

IN JAPANESE ROBES.



From a painting by Nathanael Sichel.

LYDIA.

at all events they are very calm, and many of us have grown so weary with the strain of life that we cannot bear to see it repeated whatever way we look. There is no possibility of repose in a slight nervous body, restless all-seeing eyes, and eager lines of interest in a resolute face. The ideals of a busy people revert to types less harassed by thought, more free from care.

"STILL-LIFE" REVERIES

By T. DWIGHT PARKINSON.

With original illustrations by Marie Rodriguez de Rivera.



PINKS.

FLOWERS and fruits are favorite subjects with painters of still-life pictures, and wisely chosen for that purpose, not only because they are exquisite in form and of endless variety, but because they lend themselves so well to association with elegant accessories and affluent color.

This gayety of pigment, pleasant suggestion as to surroundings and charm of old acquaintance, all recommend to the eye such compositions as these of Señorita Marie Rodriguez de Rivera, a lady of Madrid, Spain.

Carnations!—Who does not know them and love them? and who would not be warmed at any wintry moment should he lift his gaze to such a picture of them, fringe-petalled, dewy, never-fading. Then the eye wanders down the iridescent cylinder where the lights sparkle mysteriously, and catches in the lilies-of-the-valley, carelessly tossed beside its pedestal, a new delight—a sense of cool, sweet spring-tide—a breath of the mossy earth beneath old trees where birds are singing to their mates of nests to be builded.

Then what waters rise upon the tongue as one notes the velvety fatness of these ripe peaches—the stored sunshine of summer in their yellows and reds, the juiciness of the year's fruitage bursting through their tightened skins half hidden among the glossy leaves.



PEACHES LATELY PLUCKED.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LILIES

BY DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Illustrated from photographs of natural flowers by Pitcher and Manda.

IN almost every portion of the United States we are pretty sure, whenever we chance to ramble where there are flowers in bloom, to find some one or more representatives of the family of plants known as lilies.

They may be rather inconspicuous, but there is not one that is not pretty, even if you have to use a magnifying-glass to discover its attractions. Many a true lily seems insignificant when other flowers are growing near, and few people would suppose that our troublesome greenbrier belongs to the family, as also do the onion and asparagus. Even the poisonous hellebore can claim kinship. But enough of these commonplace plants and "poor relations" of our grand Turk's-cap, which makes a better showing in the fields than the rankest growth of wild roses. I have seen acres of low-lying meadows ruddy with the bloom of the *Lilium superbum*, and recall one instance where the stalk was eleven feet high and with several fully expanded blossoms.

In nature there are about half a hundred true species of lily, and "all are confined to the northern hemisphere." They are pretty equally divided between Europe, Asia, and North America, with some from Africa.

Doubtless a more thorough botanical knowledge of the remoter parts of the world



A FIELD OF CULTIVATED LILIES.

will bring many more to light. The typical forms, because of their beauty, very early attracted man's attention. Gerard figures in his "Herball" eight true species, together with some varieties, but the southern hemisphere has been invaded now by lilies under cultivation, and so the plant is practically a cos-



LILIAM PYRENAICUM.

mopolite; for, as "garden escapes," they prove quite equal to holding their own against the rankest vegetation.

The bloom of the large flowering lilies varies so that we may say there are three types of the blossom: trumpet-shaped, an open form, or spreading, like the *Lilium auratum*, and a modification of this, that hangs with the face of the flower downward—the so-called montagon type.

It is to their gorgeous color, how-

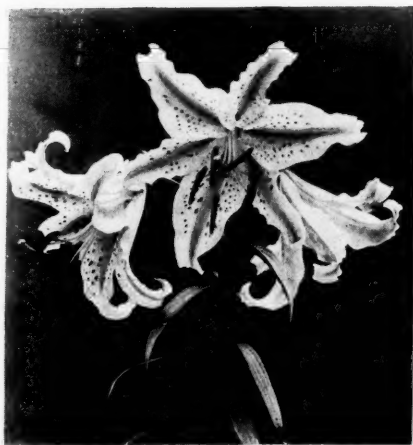


LILIAM SPECIOSA-RUBRUM.

ever, as much as, if not more than, to their graceful form, that these flowers owe their universal attractiveness. Henry Ward Beecher has remarked that a piece of color is as useful as a piece of bread, and admitting this, it is not surprising that flowers have been cultivated for ages. In this instance, man's care, as in the case of



THE SHELL LILY (LILIAM TESTACEUM).

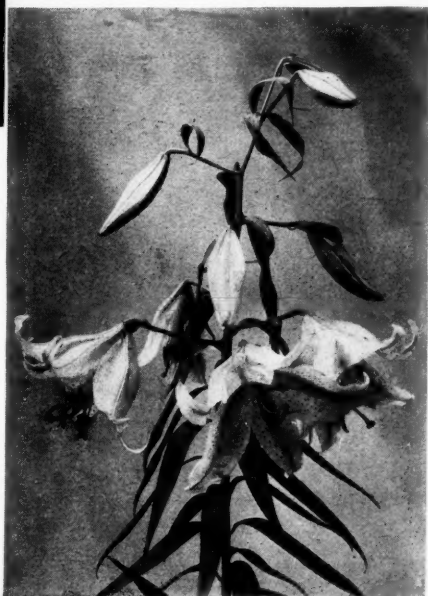


A GOLDEN LILY (LILIUM AURATUM).

vegetable kingdom, nothing that exceeds in magnificence some of the lilies originally grown in Japan, with their wealth of gold, ivory, and the blush of the glowing sunset. Thousands of flowers are more curiously constructed—intricate to a marvellous degree, as the orchids; some have more pronounced shades of scarlet or crimson; but these are beautiful because of their general effect upon the landscape, as parts of a complex whole, while the lily is a thing of beauty in itself. It is for this reason that, like the rose, it is pre-eminently popular.

some food-plants, has not changed their nature so completely that the parent forms have been lost or can now no longer be recognized, as is true of our maize; but advance has been effected in the line of nature's own efforts toward brilliant coloring, and the beauty of the lily has been increased by means of that curious experiment or practice, cross-fertilization.

Certainly we can find, in the whole



ANOTHER GOLDEN LILY.

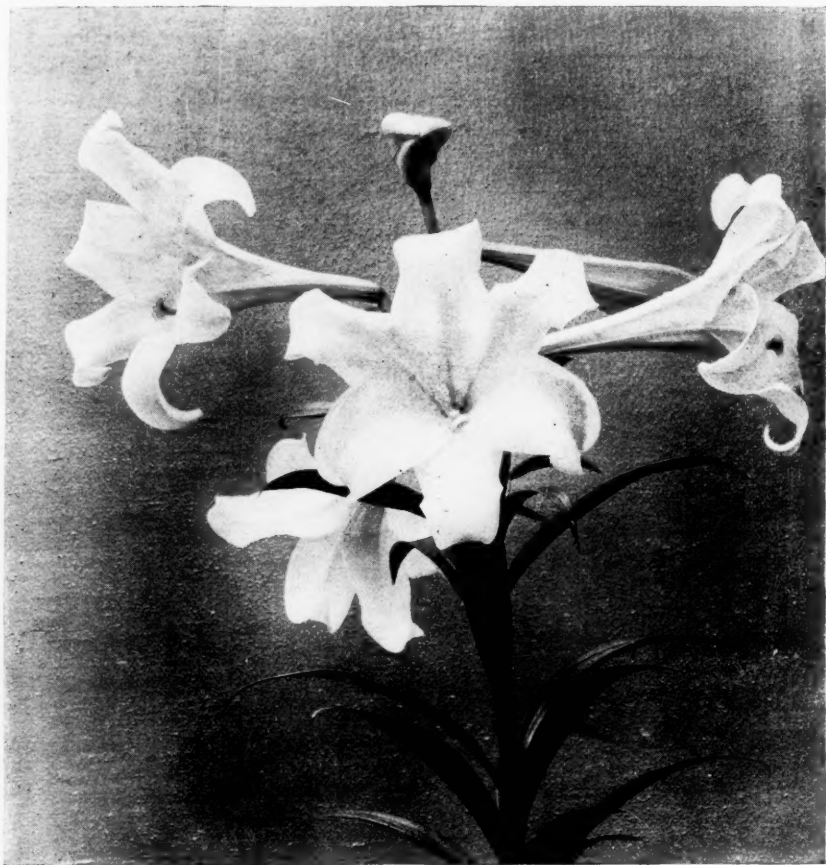


AFRICAN LILIES.

In color, as in size and form, lilies present a wide range. They may be pure white, yellow, orange, red or spotted. They meet all tastes; therefore it may be said: Give me their taste in lilies, and I will tell you the fancies of individuals in other matters. In the heyday of youth, the brilliant rosy and streaked and spotted blooms attract us;

to those of more thoughtful and maturer years, the snow-white blossoms seem best.

A word here as to lilies proper and the water-lilies. Many people think them members of one great group, but if our readers will look in Gray's "Botany," they



THE EASTER LILY (*LILIUM HARRISII*).

will find the latter in the very beginning of the book and the lilies proper near the end of the list.

It is one of the misfortunes of our language that many common names of our animals and plants are very often misleading. True lilies are not aquatic plants, and yet many of our native forms flourish best where the ground is always wet; but this is far from making them aquatic plants. At times, however, they are a feature of flooded areas, and might mislead the uninformed in such matters. I have seen the water dotted with "dog-toothed violets"—true lilies—when only the blossoms nodded above the ripples of the temporary lake. Such a condition sug-



EASTER LILY BULBS.

is not a matter of surprise that the name has been adopted, very appropriately, as one of special merit for our daughters. It needs but little reference to families to see how often there are Lilies and Roses among the gentler sex.

While the "lilies of the field" mentioned in Matthew vi. 28, were anemones, it does not alter the fact that Solomon was never arrayed in any garments, or surrounded by draperies, that were comparable to the gorgeous lilies; flowers that in perfec-

gests a relationship with the pond-lilies, the snowy blooms of which star the dark waters of many an inland pool, from June to October.

It would be pleasing, if space permitted, to trace the history of lilies, both wild and cultivated, in literature. Homer has much to say of them, and, with the rose, they are never omitted from any considerable body of poetry. We find the lily, of course, in Shakespeare, and, it is needless to add, in Scripture; so that it



THE TURN'S-CAP.



THE BATAVIA LILY.

tion have everything to commend them.

White lilies stand as symbols of innocence in folklore, and as such are especially devoted to festivals of The Virgin. "In Italian art, a vase of lilies stands by the Virgin's side, with three flowers crowning their green stems. The flower is generally the large white lily of our gardens, the pure white petals signifying her spotless body and the golden anthers within typifying her soul sparkling with divine light."

ALONG DUTCH WATERWAYS

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

With original illustrations by Kruseman Van Elten.

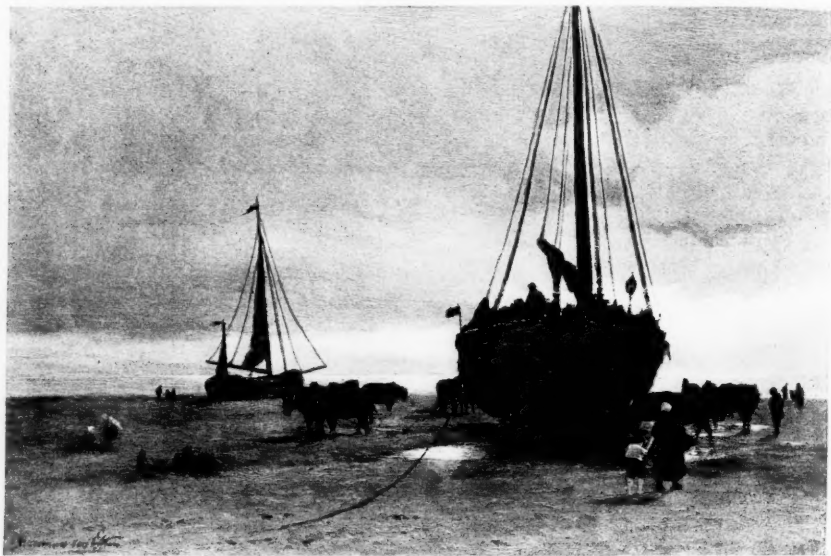


THE WINDMILL.

ONE of the paradoxes of art is, that painters do not always paint the picturesque. Some artists do not know it when they see it: some others shy at it as if it were becoming commonplace. And there is, of course, a conventionally picturesque sort of thing, obviously suggesting a picture, that people point at and say, "What a picture that would make!" just as they would point at a highly seasoned human type and say, "What a character for a Dickens!"

Then, ideas of what is picturesque are constantly changing. Forms of composition and tricks of perspective wear out after a while; and while certain effects belong to the inevitable mechanism of art and must always be found serving their turn, it becomes the office and function of artistic genius to create new ideas of the picturesque, to make use of new materials, as well as to recast old elements.

It probably is true that all natural, useful objects are picturesque to the artist who looks at them rightly. The notion that new things are not so picturesque as old is characteristic of people, in studios and out of them, who have not the



READY FOR SEA.



AT BURKSLOOT, ON A TYPICAL DUTCH WATERWAY.

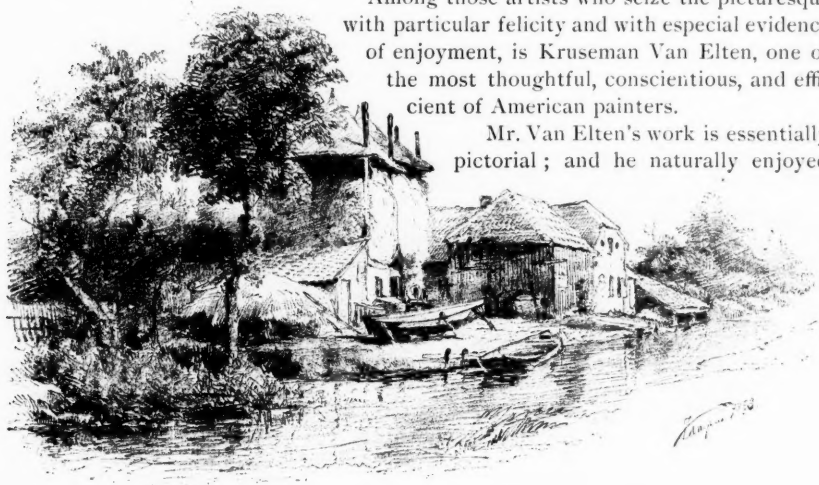
creative power. To claim, for instance, that a Brittany peasant woman is intrinsically any more picturesque than the same sort of woman in the foreign quarter of New York, is simply absurd—as absurd as to claim that the East River is not as picturesque as the Thames, or the Seine.

No great artist has ever raised this claim of relative picturesqueness to justify his selection of subjects. The greatest artists have found their themes as Adam found Eve—they have turned about, and lo! the theme was there.

Yet, aside from this question of essential or intrinsic picturesqueness, it undoubtedly is true that there is always a reasonable latitude for selection in which we can see the interesting range between a single note and a full chord—or, to more accurately carry the musical parallel, the range between a simply treated single theme and a fully rounded concerto. Admitting that all things are picturesque to the right hand, there will always be the greater or less of it in the painter's theme.

Among those artists who seize the picturesque with particular felicity and with especial evidence of enjoyment, is Kruseman Van Elten, one of the most thoughtful, conscientious, and efficient of American painters.

Mr. Van Elten's work is essentially pictorial; and he naturally enjoyed



IN OLD KAMPEN, ON THE YSSEL.

himself in Holland. In the illustrations to the present article we have something like a symphony in windmills, with other Netherland glimpses eloquently reflective of the spirit of Dutch landscape. In "Old Kampen on the Yssel," near the Zuyder Zee, once one of the most well-to-do of Hanse towns; in the "Island Town of Dort," or Dordrecht, as Mr. Van Elten calls it, and in other Netherland nooks, this artist is exceedingly happy. What is more interesting than a windmill? What is more paintable? Whether they really were invented by the Romans or the Saracens; whether they really were introduced into Europe by the Knights of St. John; whether they really were first made to saw wood by Dutchmen nearly three hundred years ago, they have a curious fascination for the artistic mind. Writer and painter alike have delighted in them. Alphonse Daudet's "Letters from My Mill" could

scarcely have had the same charm coming from any other place; and how many of the painters have delineated the mill with an affectionate fidelity!

Mr. Van Elten's mills are done to the life, with a keen sense of their individual interest as well as of their happy adjustability to other elements. In Holland you cannot misplace a windmill. They fit anywhere. They may be huddled and they



A BIT OF THE WOODS.



A GLIMSE OF HOORN.

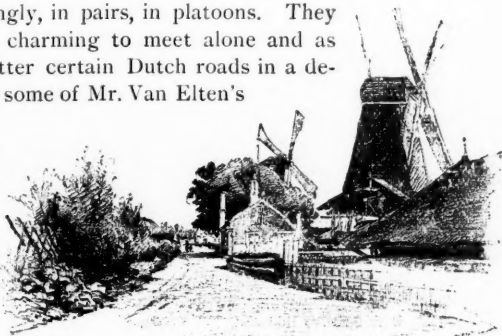
may be scattered. They go singly, in pairs, in platoons. They are like some people who are charming to meet alone and as charming in company. They litter certain Dutch roads in a delightfully companionable way, as some of Mr. Van Elten's studies suggest.

That windmills might be made to look much less graceful has been suggested by the contemplation of certain photographs of them taken at the wrong time, from the wrong point of view. Mr. Van Elten never mispaints them. He gives them to us at their best, and their best is very pleasant.

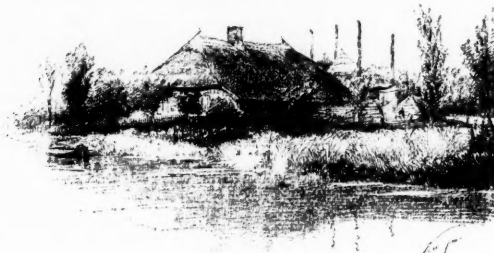
But then, a man with a "van" in his name should know how to paint windmills, and Holland canals, and Holland ships and shores. Mr. Van Elten exhibits a real enjoyment in these themes, which are quite inseparable from thoughts of Holland, where waterways and boats are as familiar as windmills. The group of pictures shown in these pages admirably suggests the character of the remarkable little country whose refusal to be subdued by Spain Carlyle has so pithily described; whose leadership in popular education is one of the most remarkable phases of

European history, whose influence upon art constitutes one of its chief titles to glory, and whose elements of human interest are nowhere surpassed on the Continent.

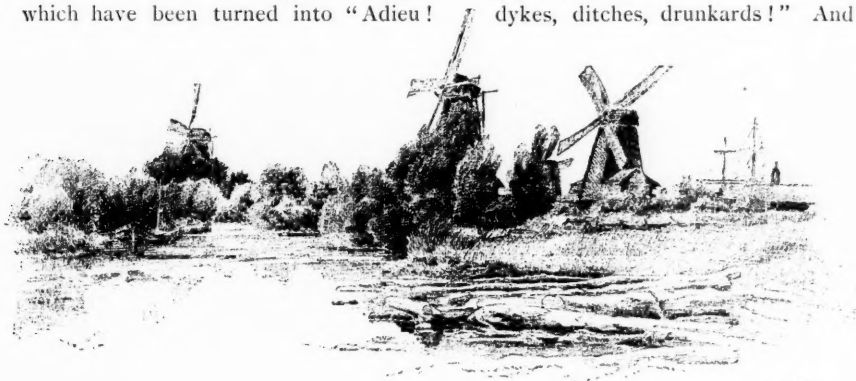
Old Voltaire, who enjoyed a pungent fling, parted from Holland with words which have been turned into "Adieu! dykes, ditches, drunkards!" And



ON A DUTCH ROAD.



A KAMPEN HOUSE.



SAILS ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

Byron, who liked alliteration not less,
calls Holland

"The waterland of Dutchman and ditches,
Whose juniper expresses in best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for
riches."

But the artistic traveller will be less likely to make qualifications in the case of Holland than in the case of almost any other country he meets with; and to the American all that pertains to that country is not only interesting in sentiment, but seems natural and home-like. This is especially true for those of us who live in the neighborhood of New York, where the Dutch were the pioneers and the forefathers of whom we are most proud. Their names sound familiar to our



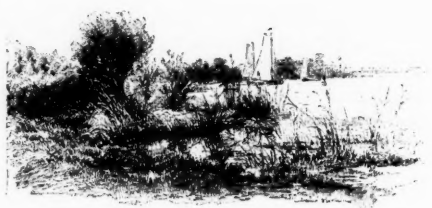
HAY-BOATS.

ears; their rural as well as civic architecture has come down to us, here and there, sufficiently to familiarize us with its quaint characteristics; the style of their ponderous boats remains in the cumbrous lighters that move about our harbor; and upon the broad, still, marsh-girt reaches of Newark Bay and the Hackensack River you may see hay-boats and sloops, weighted to the water's

edge with brick, stealing down through the reeds, precisely as in the canals around Amsterdam and across the shallow lagoons of the Zuyder Zee. Mr. Van Elten's style is admirably adaptable, as we find by a glance at his "Bit of the Woods" on a previous page; and his range of moods is always wide enough to supply sustained interest in his expressions of nature.



A WATERSIDE FARMHOUSE AT BURKSLOOT.



BESIDE THE SEA.

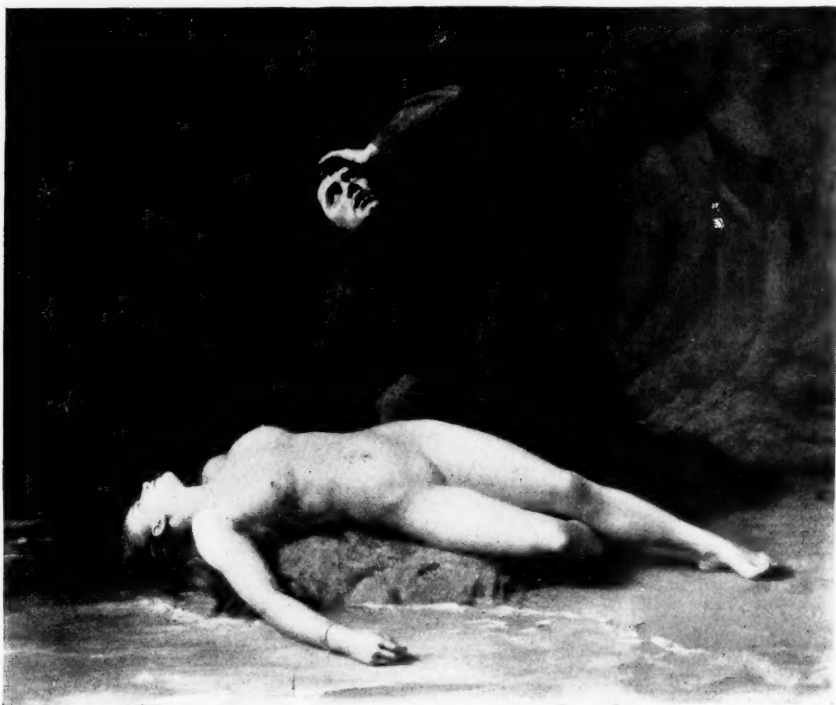
A FEW WORDS UPON AN OLD PROBLEM

BY HILLARY BELL.

With original illustrations by Emmanuel and Jean Benner.

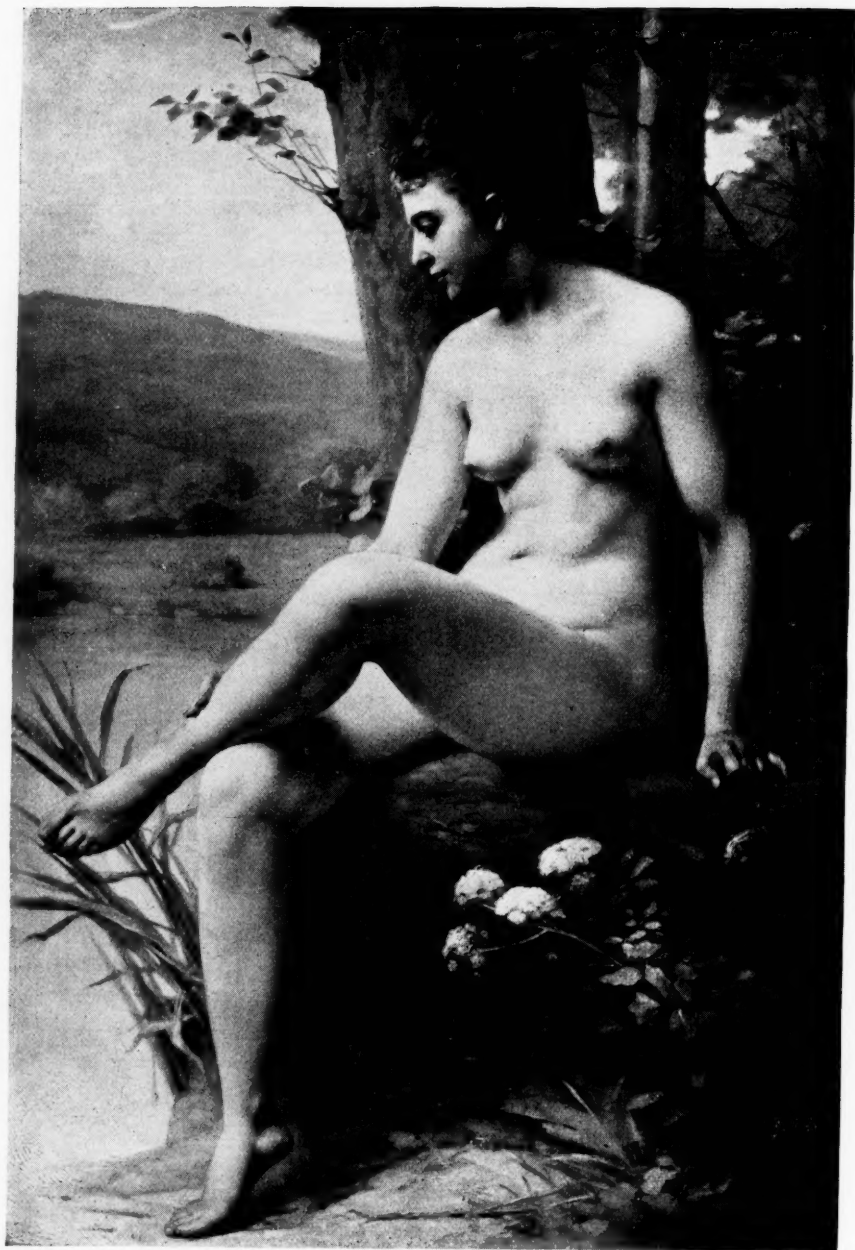
It is safe to say that almost every young man who studies art in Munich or Paris believes that he has a message for the world on the vexed problem of the nude. Consequently a great many youthful enthusiasts, who consider draperies merely a modern makeshift and hold themselves commissioned to reveal the true beauties of "the altogether," presently discover that the public has another view; and those who started out in life, guided by an ambitious purpose to illustrate the human form, very often have to succumb to the tailor, or woo fortune in her kinder moods by turning to landscapes, marines, interiors, or cats and dogs.

However, some men with remarkable gifts and success, steer safely between the Scylla of the difficulties of the nude, and the Charybdis of a public indifference to its beauties, and arrive at what may be termed the harbor of prosperity. Such fortunate painters are Emmanuel and Jean Benner. The briefest glance at this sitting figure proves unmistakably that Emmanuel Benner puts his heart into his work. This is the luxury of painting. It has nothing of the wanton sensuousness of Rubens'



From a painting by Jean Benner.

PHROSINE AND MELIODORE.



From a painting by Emmanuel Benner.

BEFORE THE BATH.

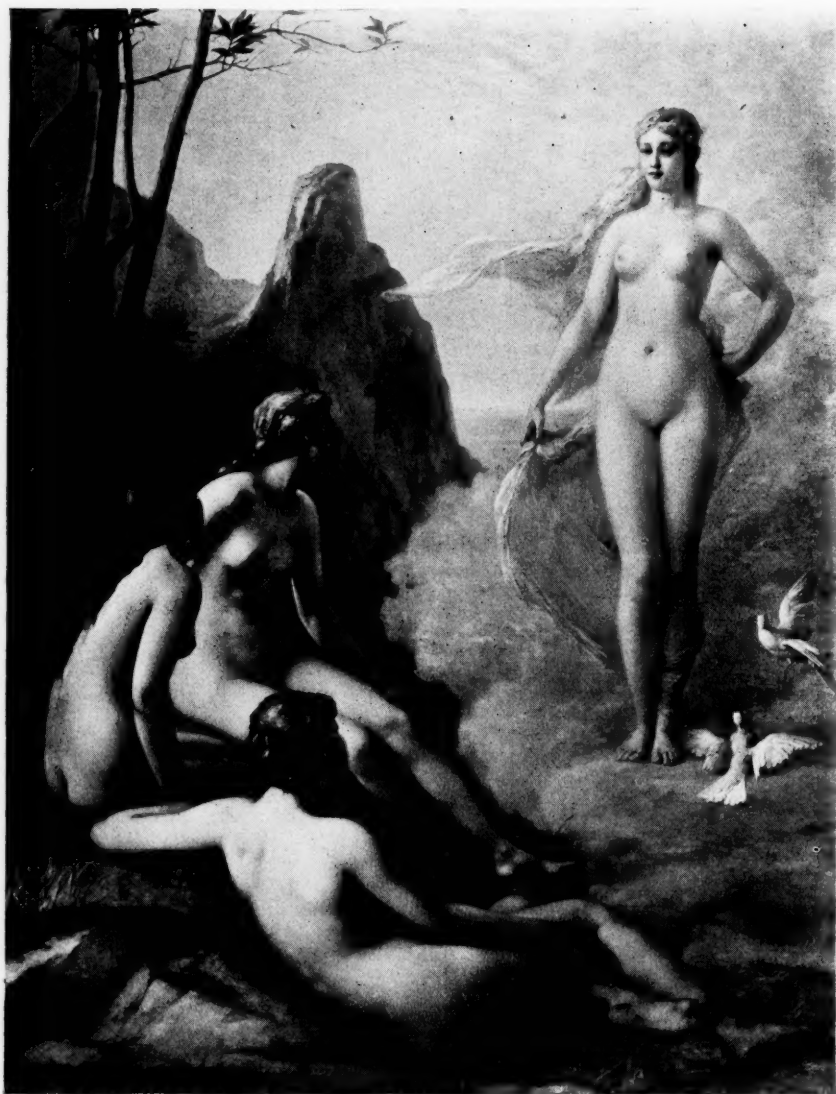


From a painting by Jean Benner.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

flesh, but is done faithfully, simply, and well, by an artist who realizes what is the finest theme of art. The dignity of the pose, the tenderness of treatment, and the nice values of light and shadow, declare this artist's joy in his subject.

The larger composition is not so felicitous, yet there is no suggestion of mental struggle in any of the figures, and some of them have given as much pleasure to the painter as they bring to those who study his work. In the prostrate figure of the

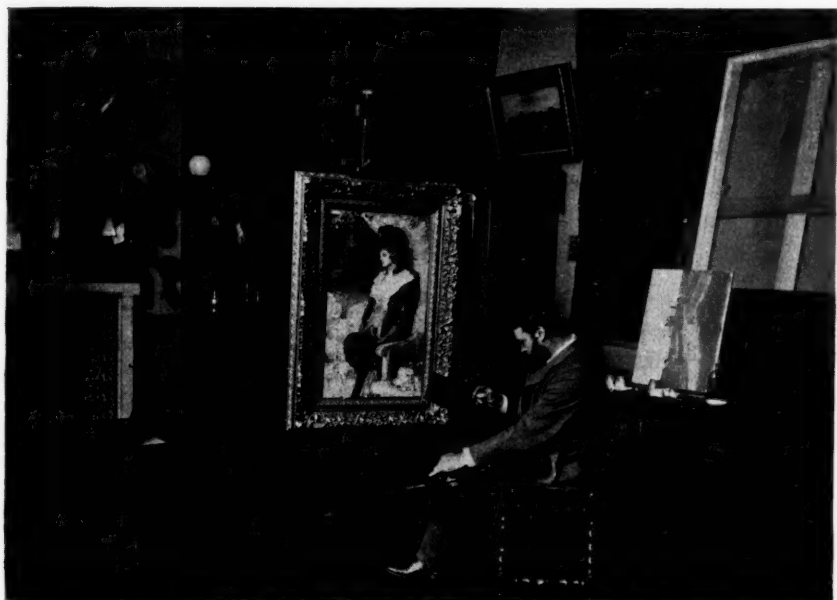


From a painting by Emmanuel Benner.

VENUS APPEARING TO THE THREE GRACES.

smaller canvas this feeling of contentment is again pronounced. The draped figure by Jean Benner is a scarcely less graceful expression of the artist's fancy.

When men can coax flesh into its perfection of tint and modelling, as in many particulars it is tempted by the Benners, the true enjoyment of painting begins. With such facile skill and admirable technique the nude may be followed without fear of the critics, or dread of grieving the sensitive yet essential public.

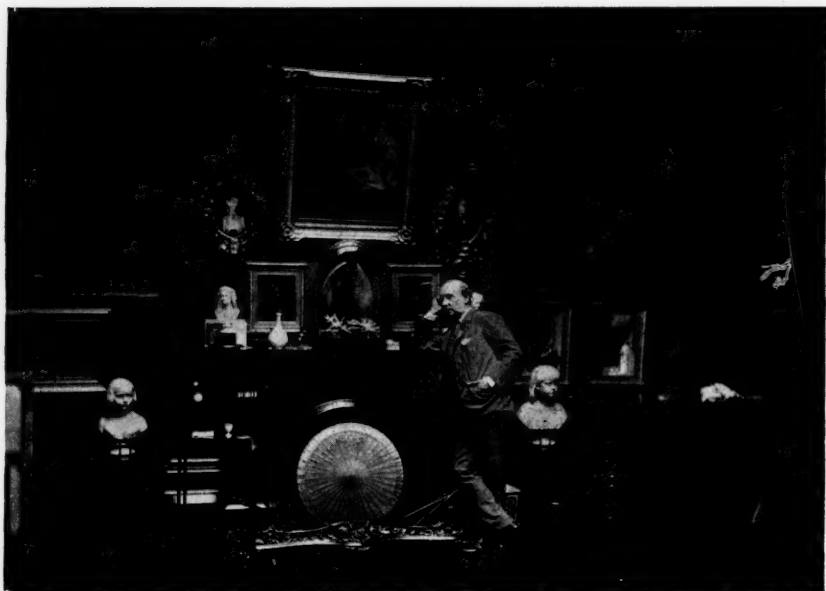


R. W. MCBETH, A.R.A.



MARCUS STONE, R.A.

ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



JAMES SANT, R.A.



FRANK HOLL, R.A.

ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



S. O. BARLOW, R.A.



JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



THE FLOWERS NARCISSUS

BY MERCY BLAISDELL.

Illustrated from photographs of natural flowers by Pitcher and Manda.

THE youth Narcissus gazed at his own image in a spring, and, falling in love with it, remained in rapt admiration until he died. When the mourners came to take away his body, they found only certain frail new flowers, which they conceived to be merely a transformation of the young man, and accordingly called Narcissus.

To the practical mind it would seem that many a love-sick Narcissus must have been thus magically changed into flowers, for from twenty to thirty wild species occur in Europe and Asia. Some of these are distributed among different genera by certain botanists, and the gardeners, who have improved the species, know many of them by other names. A study of the few examples reproduced in these pages will give some idea of the range of form and their exquisite outlines and delicacy of texture.

The daffodils of the poets, "that come before the swallow dares," and "haste away so soon," belong to one section, having the central, cup-like ring of the flower, generally called a "crown," prolonged into a flaring trumpet with crimped edges; the color is one of the clearest of yellows, and there is a distinct fragrance. Besides the common English daffadownilly, so sweetly sung by Herrick, there are other species, paler and smaller, in this same section.



THE PAPER-WHITE, GRAND-FLOWERING NARCISSUS.



VON LION'S NARCISSUS.

Flowerly Kingdom know a secret way of preparing them for forcing, and refuse to divulge it. More probably, some peculiarity of soil or climate prevents us from succeeding with them. At any rate, all are imported. These Chinese lilies, which may often be seen growing in sunny windows of Chinese laundries and shops all over the country, are a type of the many-flowered (polyanthus) species of narcissi. Instead of bearing a single flower on a stalk, as do the other groups of narcissi, bunches of fragrant small flowers, ranging through all shades of yellow to white, are massed on a stem.

The paper-white narcissus, one of this group, an early flowering variety shown in one of the illustrations, is often used for forcing, as it blooms in winter like the hyacinth.

Narcissus *Bulbocodium*, one of the hoop-petticoat narcissi, has small, bright-yellow flowers, in which the perianth, usually the most important part of the flower, is completely overshadowed by the expanded crown, which suggests the swaying crinolines that women wore thirty years ago.

The narcissi are members of the *Amaryllis* family, that, in the classification of plant orders, is near Orchids and Lilies, all having leaves in which the veins extend from petiole to apex, all

The lovely yellow jonquils, both single and double, together with the pheasant's-eye narcissi, form another group. The poet's narcissus, one of this last class, is the loveliest of them all. It springs almost out of the snow, in old gardens, and the snow is not so white as its broad star-like perianth, with shallow, red-edged crown. The flowers have a strong odor, which at a distance is delightful, but close by is almost distasteful to most persons.

While most of them are perfectly hardy, growing in open borders, one of the narcissi, the so-called Chinese sacred lily, grows in simple water. The bulbs are large, and come to this country from China, packed in stiff gray clay. It is said that the people of the



A PAPER-WHITE NARCISSUS.



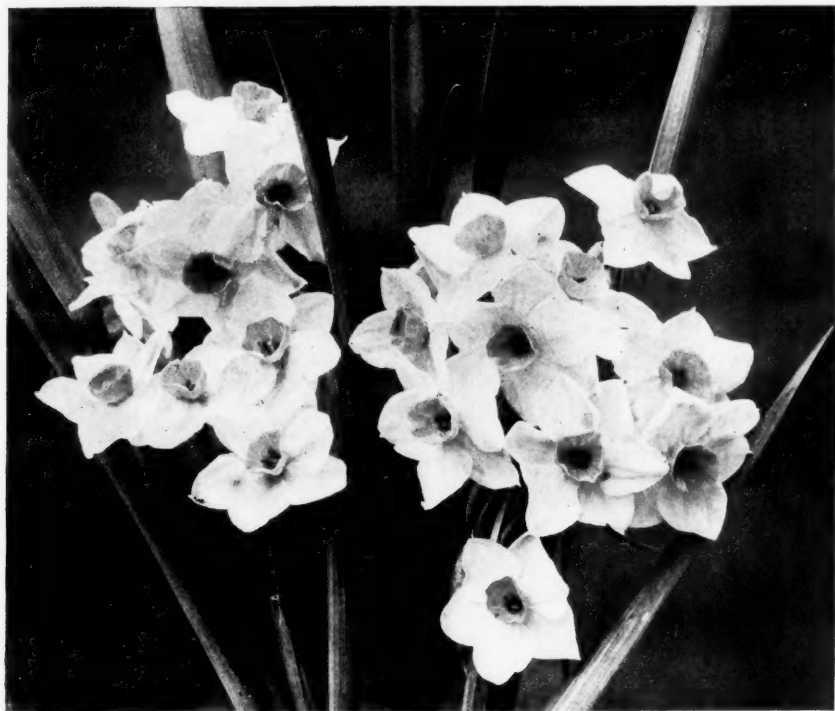
ONE OF THE HOOP-FETTICOATS (*NARCISSUS BULBODIUM*).



THE TRUMPET-MAJOR *NARCISSUS*.

parallel. Daffodils and narcissi both rise from bulbs, and their leaves, shaped like broad grass-blades more or less rigid, grow in dense tufts, out of which the bright flowers nod cheerily in the spring sunshine. They never sleep, those sprightly daffodils, but gleam in the night, perhaps hoping to attract some stray insect that has been visiting other flowers of the same kind, and thus benefit by the pollen dusted on his wings by his former hosts.

In decoration these flowers, with their clear outline, the star-like perianth, and the crowns often fluted and crinkled, and brilliantly colored, lend themselves, as do the irises, to severe, but picturesque effects. They naturally suggest wreaths and garlands, since, like daisies, one promptly thinks of stringing them on ribbons.



A POLYANTHUS NARCISSUS.

Here is Robert Herrick's dainty poem, alluded to above :

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

IN THE PATHS OF THE POETS

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

With original illustrations by A. C. Howland.



ON GREEN RIVER.

the elusive charm of dreams to be ever found winding through its beautiful banks in a trance of song, for the poet has one advantage over the artist. He appeals directly to the imagination, and when he pens a picture, if his words make any impression at all they rouse the reader's own conception of color and form to clothe his idea, while the artist, using his own forms and colors, touches the imagination through the eyes with a tangible picture that is not always sympathetic. On the other hand, when there is a sentiment to be expressed, if the artist conveys it at all, it goes straight to the heart, unheld by words that sometimes give different ideas to different minds.

Mr. Howland wanders over all the varied country, finding something picturesque in every place, for, as he says, "it does not matter where you go;" and everywhere he strikes the note which makes the picture typical. One may search Long Island almost from end to end



ON THE CAMPUS, ITHACA, N. Y.

Busy, practical New England and New York have been strangely rich in poets, and the artists who go sketching through those regions are always rediscovering some spot that Bryant, Whittier, or Lowell has marked with a white stone.

Every one who loves nature is drawn by Bryant's exquisite "Green River" until the description seems too full of



A LONG ISLAND SOUVENIR.

without discovering a view across the plains or on the hills without a church-spire, and the old rail fences that have stood through many generations of the farmers still bound the fields. It is on Long Island that the farmers cling to Tory names of pence and shillings, and ignore with conservative superiority the fact that they are handling a decimal currency the while. In Roslyn, on the north shore of the island, where Bryant's old home stands, one might easily forget America, for the rail fences dis-

appear, the green velvet lawns slope down in perfect terraces, one enters private grounds only after passing by an ivy-covered lodge, the road dips down between high stone walls, and the trees are trimmed.

But Mr. Howland does not paint these un-American aspects any more than Whittier or Bryant wrote them. His farm-scenes are not merely faithful pictures, for the sentiment in all of them recalls the sweetness that the poets found, and the soft autumn and twilight effects, of which he is fondest, lend grace to a landscape that is capable of much sternness.

The glimpses of homely country figures that he gives are like Miss Wilkin's; they cannot be commonplace, since each one lives and has its individuality, and the artist or writer who recognizes the individuality of place or person usually sees its poetry as well. The spirit of poetry is the spirit which sees things separate and wonderfully made in themselves, and yet in a larger sense so alike that they blend as equal factors in the mysterious universe.



NEAR DIANA'S BATH, WILLIAMSTOWN.



AN AUTUMN EVENING.



THE COTTAGE BY THE CREEK.

That place is fortunate which has artists and poets to clothe its homeliest necessities in beauty and bring its skies a little closer to the watchers underneath; but it has ever been and ever will be the hard countries that give the poets to the world.

The New Englands, Scotlands, Norways, Swedens—all the strong relentless places—incite the mind by throwing it back upon itself; they inspire the imagination without satisfying it, and it is only in creating poetry and art that the chil-



WELLS COLLEGE.

dren of these countries find release. Even those who are free from these primitive conditions feel the atmosphere that has been created by them, and see the land in a gracious aspect that is not real, but the mirage of centuries of longing and of noble thought.

Winter finds Mr. Howland remote from his well-loved hills and streams in a city studio, but even there he surrounds himself with curious memories and suggestions of the country in the shape of enormous grasshoppers, tarantulas that never were on sea or land, the skull of a large alligator and other pleasing creatures, on walls and tables and chairs.

On the day, however, that I had the pleasure of examining these things Mr. Howland told me that the studio was quite bare, much of the collection having

been sent to the Century Club for their Twelfth Night decorations; and, in fact, Mr. Howland was interrupted at work, not on one of the landscapes for which he is known in the world, but on a little sketch of certain phases of city life for the unique "art attractions" of that same celebration.

There is something very delightful to see in the way that from time to time these grave workers and thinkers release themselves from all but the amusing sides of the questions of life, and feel as care-free as in the green pathways of summer and boyhood.



AN OLD FARMHOUSE AT SUNSET.

STORY-TELLING AS A MOTIVE IN PAINTING

By JNO. GILMER SPEED.

With original illustrations by Harry Roseland.



MY SAILOR GIRL.

thing in so masterful a fashion that his work cannot be turned to scorn, then the "art-for-art's-sake" gentry declare that the achievement of something further than beauty was due to the atmosphere of poetry that the individual painter conveyed from his own plenteous greatness to the canvas upon which he worked. He can create an atmosphere of poetry, but on his canvas with his colors he cannot make poetry. As for the painter who attempts to tell a story on his canvas, their scorn is too deep for words; for him only the shrugged shoulder and the outstretched and upturned palms. They say that he is working only for the "average person," and when they write they never fail to employ quotation marks to express their contempt for this sad incapability.

If my own predilections in art were

THE dispute as to the province and limitations of pictorial art is as old as that art itself, but it is not less fierce to-day than when it began. Possibly, therefore, upon the theory that that which always has been always will be, this dispute will never end; but, on the contrary, will have a wider field as pictorial art becomes of more consequence in the world. Those who would place upon pictorial art the narrowest limitations are the severely critical enthusiasts who have inscribed upon their banner "Art for art's sake," and with loud and angry insistence they declare that when a painter attempts to make his picture convey anything beyond a sentiment of beauty he has attempted the impossible and can do nothing else than achieve failure.

When some really great artist has done this



YES OR NO?

of any consequence, I would say that I did not myself care particularly for the picture whose worth depended on the tale that it told, but I would declare at the same time that I did not think the beauty or the worth of a picture was marred by the fact that it did tell a story.

The truth appears to be that neither of the extremists in this old controversy is quite right. Painting a picture, merely to tell a story which could better be told by words, is in theory wrong because in an artistic performance the most suitable art should be employed. Writing is one art and painting is another. But the writer makes pictures which the words enable the reader to see in his mind, and the painter with his colors suggests stories which the beholder completes in his mind. Though this may be all wrong it is nevertheless true, and it is right that it should be true. For must those much-despised "average persons," who do not understand and do not appreciate the canvases with "poetic atmosphere" be deprived of all art because a picture that tells a story must be sacrificed to those who cry "Art for art's sake," and give no quarter in their charge? If this should be, I wonder what would happen to the beautiful maga-



THE CLOSING HYMN.



THE OYSTERMAN.

zines which circulate in the English-speaking world in ever-increasing numbers.

But there are so many more average persons than those who arrogate to themselves all cultivation, that the painters who go about their work in the way that seems best to them are not likely to want for their daily bread if their way happens to be the way of the many who are indifferent to these self-constituted censors.

The fact is, however, that the great public does not care for that which lacks merit either in literature or art. I have wondered at the



MY FAIR COXSWAIN.

refinements. But never in a single instance have I given such a work careful study that I was not able to detect a good reason for the popularity. In every instance there was evidence in the work, whether it was a painting or a novel, that the creator had put into it the very best that was in him, and that therefore it was a sincere performance. The public detected the sincerity and was pleased by it, and without sincerity on the part of the artist there can never be anything better than a semblance of artistic accomplishment. Better the crudities a thousand times if with them we get the very best that in the worker is, than the mere dandified and dilettante flippancies of the vain coxcombs who spend their days in idleness



A MODERN MAUD MÜLLER.

popularity of pictures and of books which did not please one in the least, that is, which did not attract one by a casual glance, but which rather offended by certain crudities and un-



CONFIDENTIAL.



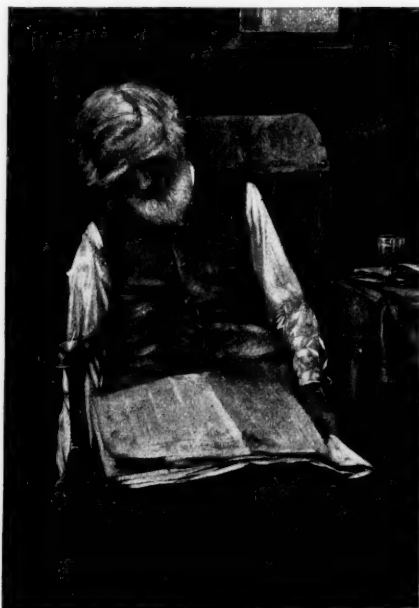
THE FAIR DEVOTEE.

and have no time for serious toil. Even the most skilful artist accomplishes nothing when he is not in earnest.

A story by an unknown hand was published a number of years ago—"Called

Back." The critics saw nothing to admire in it, but the public did, and it had a great vogue, and there be those now no doubt who will remember that "Hugh Conway" was the name on the title-page. Henry James, than whom there is not a more skilful writer living to-day, was amused at the success of "Called Back." "I see the trick of that," he said to his friends, "I will do something of the same kind." So he employed the trick and published his story, which the public would not have at all. The reason was that the public saw his trick, but did not see any trick in "Called Back." Indeed there was no trick in it—it was an entirely serious performance. And so also with other books which the critics decry but which the public purchases and reads. So it is, too, with pictures, and so it is likely to remain, and I for one will always have respect for the achievements of either painter or writer

who catches and holds the public attention by the sincerity with which he pursues



PLAYED OUT.



THE BACK FEW.



ONION WEEDEERS.

his art as he understands it. It is not given to all of us to be sublime, but most of us can be earnest if we do but try.



GOSSIPS IN THE PEA-FIELD.



ABSORBED.

This little preachment in pictorial tale-telling and the effect of sincerity was provoked by a visit to the studio of Mr. Harry Roseland, some of whose paintings

have been reproduced to accompany this article. As will be seen by these prints, Mr. Roseland, in his artistic performances, is essentially a story-teller. Fortunately for himself and for his work he is not in the least ashamed of this, which is as it should be. I wish I had asked him whether he had read Mr. Van Dyke's book, but I forgot it. Had I done so it may be that instead of what I have said above I should have reported Mr. Roseland's opinion of the much-vexed subject. But 'tis too late now.

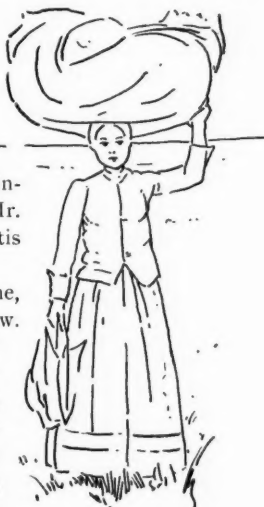
In selecting his subjects Mr. Roseland, it seems to me, does not attempt the impossible from any point of view. Take, for instance, the one he calls "The Closing Hymn." Now that tells its story, or it tells *a* story, without any help from the title. And the same may be said of "The Fair Devotee," "Played Out," "The Back Pew," "Gossips in the Pea-Field," or of any of the many others he

has made. His story is told on the canvas, and

there is rarely anything that might be confusing as to what has happened somewhere else or at some other time.

He takes his stories, like a wise man, from the material just about him, and therefore the beauties of his paintings are appreciated by those among whom he lives and the little story that each tells is eloquent of meaning, even to the dull imagination of the average person.

But where did he find all these women working in the fields in the United States? In Europe it is a common enough sight in all agricultural districts; and sometimes they are called upon for distressingly hard labor which should be performed by the men—and would be, no doubt, were they not away in the army. "Hoeing potatoes" is the hardest work indicated here, and the worker is evidently some solid German or Italian peasant who has not forgotten the lessons of her girlhood in the Fatherland. That this is the true reading of the picture is manifested by the artist's title for the group who lean upon their hoes and talk of the "news from the old country." Our American women go a-haying now and then,



CARRYING DRIED PEA-VINES.



NEWS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.



PEA-FICKERS.

mainly for the fun of it, but they rarely or ever go *a-hoeing*.

The same remarks apply to the industrious dames weeding onions—a picture to be caught in many a market-garden on the outskirts of all American cities; and why isn't it just as good as though these onions were grown in Brittany, and the women were gossiping as they



HOEING POTATOES.

and was educated there, where he still lives, and where, though he is just thirty, he has achieved great popularity. In the exhibitions in his own town his pictures have been conspicuous for ten years past; in New York there is rarely a show at either the Academy or the Society at which he is not represented. He is also a portrait-painter, and there hangs in his studio at this time a portrait of a lady in white which would have cut no mean figure at the recent Exhibition of Woman's Portraits. Many of his paintings have been published, after being etched or engraved, and these have always met with a ready sale.



CRABING IN JAMAICA BAY.

moved along in the quaint patois of that favorite province of France.

As for the *crabbing*, that takes us out of work into amusement; though these men seem to be very business-like about it, and perhaps would be willing to exchange employments for a space with the pea-pickers.

Mr. Roseland is a native of Brooklyn,



AFTER SHEDDER CRABS.

THE DETROIT ART SCHOOL

BY HELEN ELIZABETH KEEP.

With illustrations from drawings by the pupils.



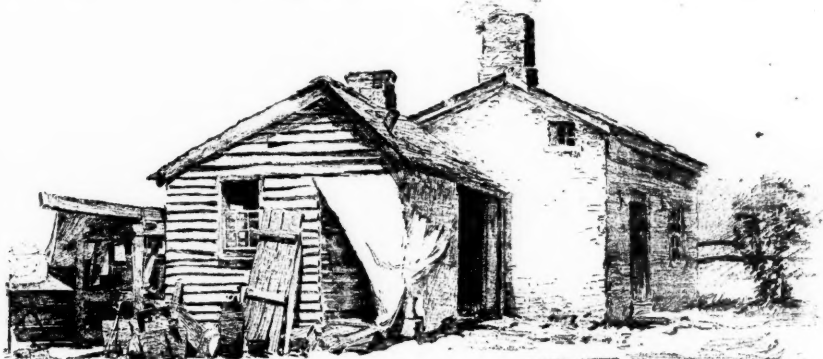
Drawn by Helen E. Keep.

THE MODEL.

siasts, led by one man. That man was Mr. William H. Brearly. When one sees the large stone building, one hundred and thirty feet by one hundred feet square, on Jefferson Avenue, one is apt to forget all the work of founding such an institution, and the months of labor spent by the few who were willing to give their time and money in such a cause.

By a recent addition the building has been made one of four parts enclosing a court roofed with glass, which makes a fine gallery for casts.

The Museum is fortunate in the possession of the Balch collection of autotypes of the most famous pictures of the old masters; a large collection of etchings, engravings, and German photographs, and the Stearns collection of Japanese, Korean,



Drawn by W. B. Rogers.

THE MORMON WEAVER'S HOME.

*W.B. Rogers
Mormon Weaver's Home
Pittsburgh*

and Indian curiosities, numbering over sixteen thousand articles. This collection is undoubtedly one of the finest in America, and includes the world-



Drawn by Hilda Lodeman.

A MODERN PAGE.

renowned pieces of Japanese statuary in wood called "The Wrestlers"—the representation of an historical wrestling match, which occurred 23 B.C., between a black giant and a huge Japanese. The Museum also owns eighty pictures, works of the old masters, given by Mr. Scripps. Among these is a large painting by Rubens, purchased at the Secretan sale; Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," together with works of Quentin Massys, Titian, Van der Velde, Jan Steen, and others, most of them well authenticated.

Among other famous pictures on permanent exhibition in the galleries are

"Court of Death," by Rembrandt Peale, "Story of Ceneone," by F. D. Millet, "The Lily Pond," by Harry Eaton, "Evangeline," by Samuel Richards, and "The Missing Vessel," by F. K. M. Rehn.



Drawn by Hilda Lodeman.

THE POSING STOOL.

Thereupon the galleries are open at all times to the public without charge for admission, and the Museum is the headquarters of clubs permitting the study of any branch of art. Short lectures explaining the pictures in the galleries are given by Mr. Griffith, director of the Museum and the school, every Sunday afternoon, which are listened to by hundreds of people who would find it difficult to go to any weekday meeting. Much advancement of art is to be gained by the education of the people. Free galleries are a great step toward the desired end. Free schools should be the next step.



Drawn by Helen E. Keep.

ANOTHER MODEL.



By Harry S. Potter.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

The fact that the Museum and schools are so closely allied is of great advantage to the pupils, whose resting times are often employed in the study of the works of art in the galleries.

During the past year two hundred and twenty-four students have been enrolled under a competent corps of teachers. The children's classes meet Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings, thus giving school-children and teachers an opportunity for study. There are several sketch classes in charge of the more advanced pupils. Sketching is a recreation much enjoyed by all participating, except the unfortunate pupil whose turn it may be to pose.

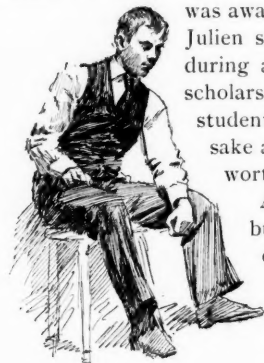


Drawn by Caroline L. Comstock.
TAKEN UNAWARES.



By Hilda Lodeman.
A HOUSEMAID.

At one time a prize was offered to defray the expenses of two years' study in Europe to the pupil attaining the greatest proficiency in the life-class. This prize was awarded to Charles Waltensperps, who is now in Paris at the Julien school. Seventeen out-term scholarships have been given during a year. But in Detroit, as in most of our art schools, scholarships are being abolished and much is done to inspire the student with the true love of art; that he may work for art's sake and not spurred on by any unworthy motive.

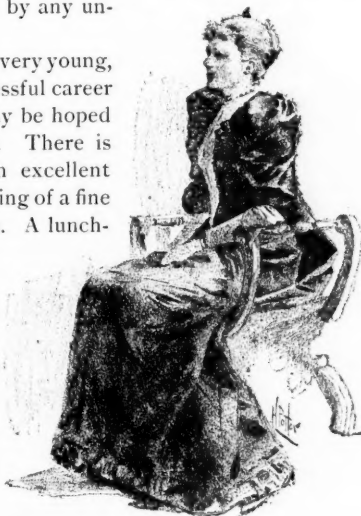


Drawn by Hilda Lodeman.
WHAT NEXT?

As yet the school is very young, but if its so far successful career continues, much may be hoped for in the future. There is the nucleus of an excellent library, the beginning of a fine collection of casts. A lunch-room in connection with the

school is talked of, but such things come with time, and as the school grows the needed accommodations will come also.

As in most art schools, the fascinating spirit of Bohemianism prevails. Art is all absorbing. Art is what makes happiness and most in life to many of the students. Like anything else one enters into from the heart, it must be "all or nothing." With such enthusiasm and energy, success is almost sure.

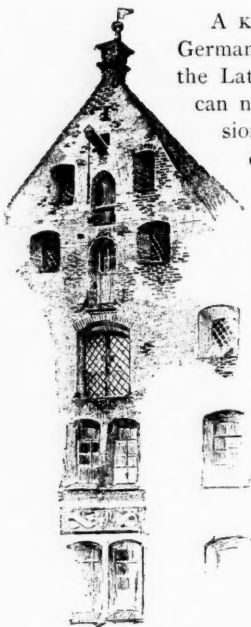


Drawn by Harry S. Potter.
THE LADY IN BLACK.

IN GERMAN BY-ROADS

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER.

With original illustrations by E. A. Burbank.



AN ANCIENT ELEVATOR.

A KINSHIP of good Saxon blood takes an American closer to Germany than to any other part of continental Europe. Among the Latin countries he is always more or less a stranger, and he can never wholly sympathize with the surface-wearing of passions, the gay, flashy, volatile life that is the astonishing outcome, or offset, of centuries of stormy history. But when he wanders to the Rhine and finds himself among the monuments of a civilization of which his own is a boasted fruitage, or succession, he is aware in a subtle way that home is nearer to him than it was when he went glacier-climbing on Vancouver island or arose early in the morning to enjoy the soft babble of the old French market in New Orleans.

Mr. E. A. Burbank is an artistic pilgrim. He is so good a Yankee that he appreciates the land from which he got his sedateness, his moral squareness, his mental eagerness and energy ; and he finds something of these good old Puritan qualities in the very shape and sheathing of the houses that he has sketched for us here. His way of picking subjects shows how well these matters appeal to him. He takes an honest liking to the soundness of these houses ; they stand for soundness in the Teutonic character. He softens no angle or asperity, for these denote a sturdy self-sufficiency.

Quaintness there is, even to the verge of ugliness ; but is not the prized quality of picturesqueness the apotheosis of ugliness ?



HOUSES IN A BAVARIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

Let us lock arms with this wide-awake young stroller and see a few of the by-ways of the Fatherland in his company. Perhaps he will not object if we look over his shoulder as he makes his drawings, where we can see that he means, first, to be right. It is a part of the Saxon in him.

This tall-roofed house, with a beam thrust out from a window in one of its three or four ever-narrowing garrets, gives him a good subject at once. The rope and chain swinging

from that beam have lifted the family wood, coal, and flour, the

horse's hay, and belike in troublous days has been a ready gallows for a traitor or a spy. Much of this sort of thing is also to be seen in Holland.

As for these old streets in Munich and Landsberg they stand for some hundreds of others in the four quarters of the empire. Is there any man who, in the heyday and hurrah of his youth, has gone afoot among the quiet villages along the Rhine, who needs to be told what these houses and churches are like? What memories they have for us! It was under just such Swiss-like and rough-jointed roofs and balconies that we stopped that evening on the way down the mountain, for half a loaf of black bread, a square of waxy

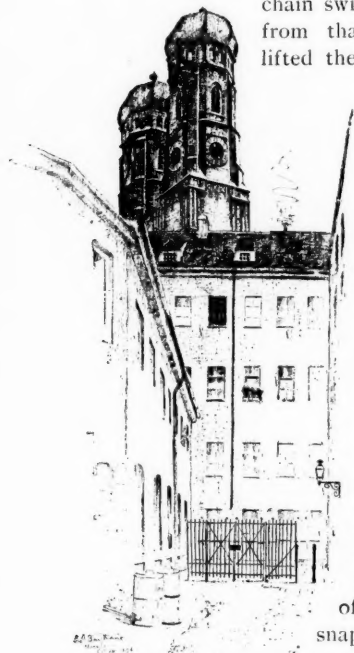
cheese, and a deep mug of beer, whose snapping coolness and fragrance brings moisture into

our throats at this day. It was in such an alley as that into which the fascinatingly hideous tower-tops peep, that we lost our way while hurrying for a train that was to start from quite another part of town, and employed our brief German vocabulary to the pain and amazement of the peaceful villagers.

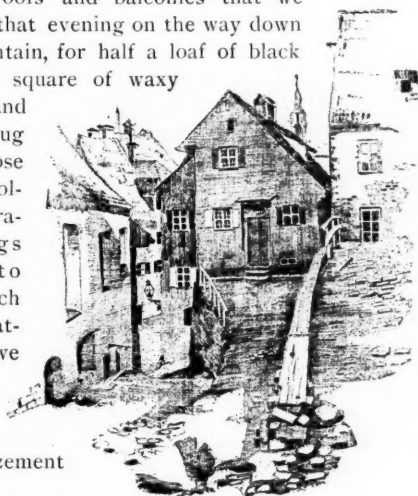
That narrow house of Landsberg that divides



STEEP AND NARROW.



THE CLOCK-TOWERS.

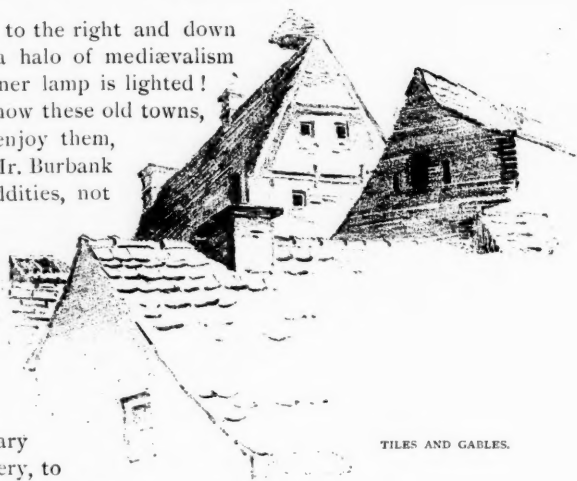


A STREET IN LANDSBERG.

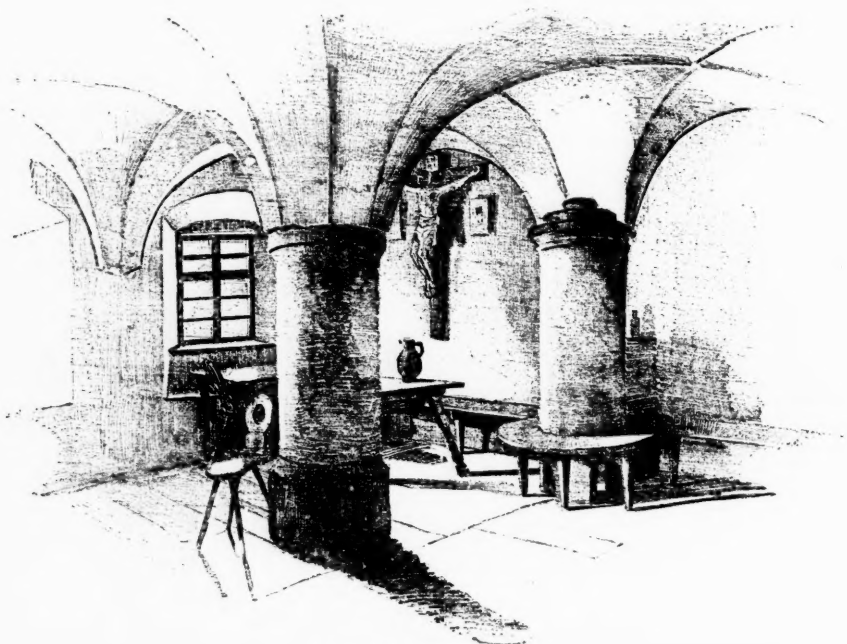
the way, sending it up hill to the right and down a slope at the left—what a halo of mediævalism falls upon it when its corner lamp is lighted! And one really does not know these old towns, as he certainly does not enjoy them, unless he goes about as Mr. Burbank does, nosing out these oddities, not only in the day time but after dark.

The customary performance for the tourist is to see the cathedral under a rapid guide; to be pulled up by another guide before eighteen or twenty very dreary crucifixions in the art gallery, to the neglect of all the pictures he would really like to examine; then to have dinner with a crowd of his fellow-countrymen at the hotel, and inquire what time the train goes.

But that is no way to see these places. The show spots of half the cities are more or less alike. It is the corners and by-ways that we must peer into if we are

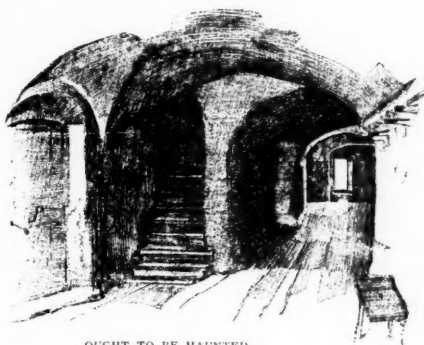


TILES AND GABLES.



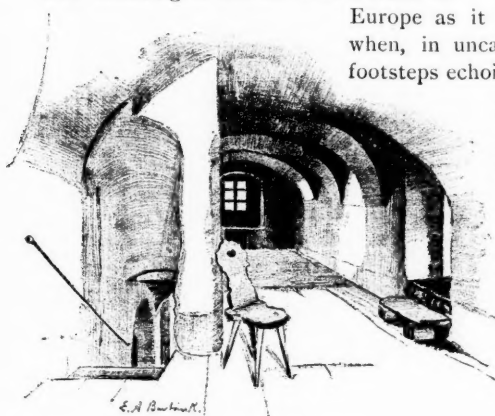
A TYROLEAN GUEST-HOUSE.

to get memories or local color. Speaking for myself, the most vivid pictures of Europe that I carry with me are those of Mayence, Cologne, Antwerp, and similar towns after the stars were out. It was the way of my companion and myself to do our guide-book sight-seeing by sunlight, and make our more original and enjoyable tours of observation at night. It made a long, hard day, but a fruitful one. After dinner we would light our cigars, and sally forth to deliberately lose ourselves. There was nothing to fear. Law breaking is not so wise a trade in



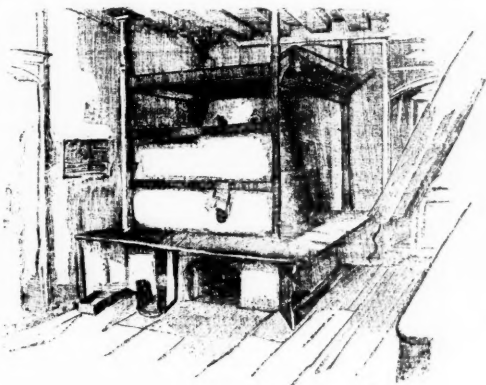
OUGHT TO BE HAUNTED.

Europe as it has been in parts of our land. So when, in uncanny hours, we found our unguided footsteps echoing around some *cul de sac* that had been entered through black arches like that of the "Munich Doorway," and was found lighted by swinging lanterns of antique workmanship, we felt no alarm if, presently, soft foot-falls mixed with the sound of ours, and dark forms were seen huddled in doorways, for we knew it was only the police who were reassuringly on the watch, and that we were suspicious characters to be saved from the danger of committing a mischief.



FOR GHOSTS AND WASSAIL.

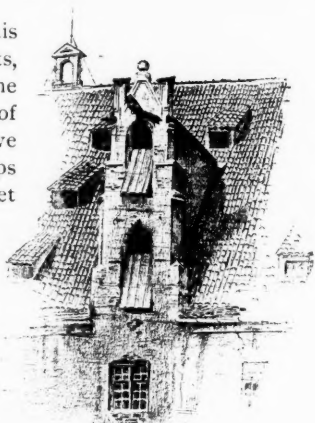
gables, before which Mr. Burbank halts us next, has a familiar look. Is it not the view from the bed-room window of our hotel?—that memorable hotel, starred in Baedeker! The cooking was no worse than common; the service that we paid for may have been good or bad,—we got none of it; the candles charged to us were not burned, for we were wandering too late to wish to read; and as for the soap, we repudiated it with scorn: but it was at this hotel that our small change ran so nearly out that, after squaring our account with the landlord, we had but a half-mark or so for the table waiter and



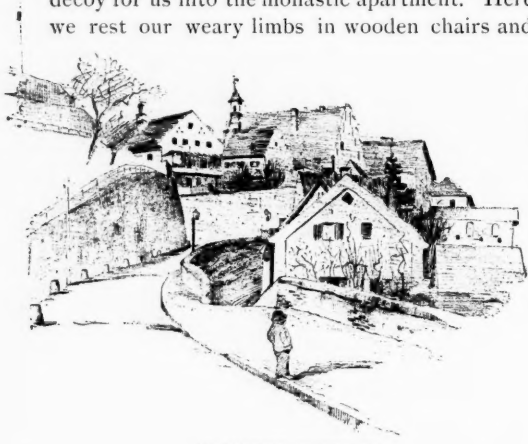
AN OLD STOVE.

nothing for the porter or the chambermaid. This discovered, did not the entire crowd of mendicants, from the landlord to the scullion, follow us to the doorstep and laugh and jeer until we were out of sight? Yet, for ten cents more they would have taken their hats off. Imagine the executive corps of an American hotel following guests to the street to deride them because the tips were not as large as they had expected!

But such experiences are few, and after the first vexation has passed they become funny. We follow Mr. Burbank again in more tranquil mood, taking care to be supplied in future with small coins. The sign "Weinstube" is an easy decoy for us into the monastic apartment. Here we rest our weary limbs in wooden chairs and

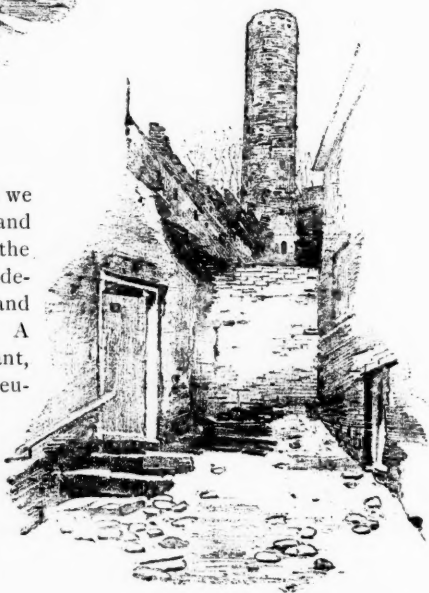


A MUNICH DOORWAY.



AN ALLURING PERSPECTIVE.

scent old tales of ghosts and wassail as we look about at the stairs leading up and down to mysterious nowheres; down the tunnel-like halls redolent of flavors of departed liquors; at the quaint stove and the carved wood-work here and there. A glass of liquid sunlight, sharp but fragrant, warming, blood-giving, full of blond Teutonic strength, reinvigorates us; and we resume our tramp, stopping to enjoy some aggregation of roof, tower, monument, and convent walls, or to enjoy almost equally the skill of the draughtsman in grouping their salient features into a sketch-book picture.



A VILLAGE CUL DE SAC.

CHIMNEY-CORNERS IN ZUÑI

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

With illustrations from photographs and sketches for the United States Bureau of Ethnology, and a sketch by W. L. Metcalf.

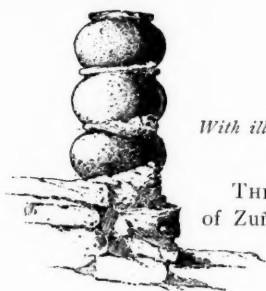


FIG. 1. A CHIMNEY WITH THREE POTS.

THE huge pyramidal buildings of an Indian pueblo, like that of Zuñi, in the northwestern corner of New Mexico, perched upon the crags of which it seems a natural outgrowth, and half in ruins, gain the last touch of their picturesque-ness from the hundreds of quaint chimneys that stud their terraces. None are very tall, and the greater number are tottering piles of red or black pots that have served their purposes in the household below until worn out and then promoted to an easier retirement above. Among them bristles a forest of ladder-poles; beside them are often the most quaintly dilapidated of stone step-ways, leading from a lower roof to the next higher; and they cast violet shadows down these break-neck stairs and upon the soft-gray parapets when the sun shines as it can shine nowhere else in Yankee-land.

It is the peculiarity of these chimneys that they do not often smoke. In the early morning sun-gilded pennons wave slenderly from their summits, and again, perhaps, in the evening; but at most times they are smokeless, and for this there are good reasons, as we shall see.

The prehistoric home of these village Indians, so far as we know it, probably had no chimney at all. The fire was built in a shallow pit (sometimes made with more care in the form of a box of stone slabs, sunken in the floor) in the middle of the square, one-roomed house, and a hole was left in the roof for the escape of the smoke. That is the primitive chimney the world over, and the arrangement survives in the underground assembly-rooms or kivas that belong to all the pueblos to-day.

But whether, as is probable (according to Victor Mindeleff, of the United States Ethnological Bureau, who has made an exhaustive study of Pueblo architecture), these

people were instructed into a better way by the Spaniards, who taught them so many worse things, or whether they discovered the improvement for themselves, certainly the central hearth and the smoke-hole have now disappeared, and a fire-place, flue, and chimney belong to every fixed habitation. They usually occupy an angle where two walls meet; so that the phrase "chimney-corner" is more literally true in these pueblos than anywhere else

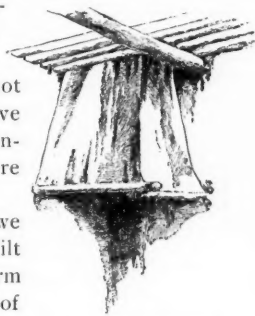


FIG. 2. A CHIMNEY-HOOD IN TUSAYAN.

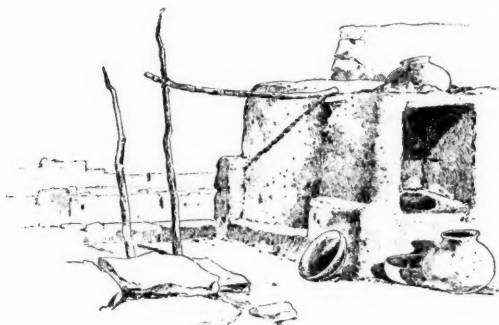


FIG. 3. A TERRACE COOKING-PLACE IN WALPI.

in the world. These buildings have walls of small stones laid up in mud, and overlaid by a coating of adobe, which not only fills their crevices, but covers the whole with a smooth coat, usually whitewashed inside with a hot solution of gypsum, laid on by the women by means of a primitive brush in the form of a big mitten of goat-skin, hair-side out.

This same material is built up into the chimneys, which at first were rectangular and only a few inches high, but gradually came to be built in cylindrical forms, and sometimes four or five feet high. To protect the summit from washing away or crumbling, they very often set upon it an old olla, or water-pot, the bottom of which had been broken out; and sometimes they coat the chimney itself with broken pieces of pots. Fig. 8 is an example of such a case; but here a second pot has been added to improve the draft. Now this pottery is usually dull red or else clay color, and is often ornamented in striking designs of red and black, so that one of

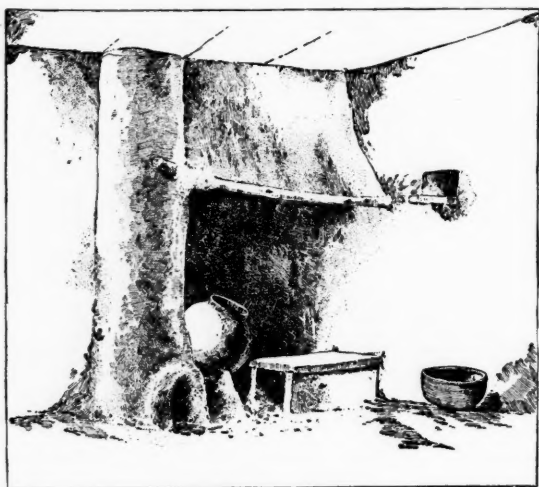


FIG. 4. A SHUMAPAI KITCHEN.

of spending much of their time upon the roofs, which were the dooryards of each terrace, and did their cooking there in pleasant weather. But these roofs, though thickly covered with adobe and soil, were laid upon beams and poles of wood; and safety required a thicker platform for a fire. Hence arose a custom, which still exists, of making at one end of the terrace, where there is always a convenient corner, a community fireplace raised upon a thick mass of stones and mud as if it were an altar—and so it is, to the best of the household divinities.

The amount of walling in, covering, and chimney-making devoted to this semi-public external kitchen varies greatly. A rather elaborate one in the pueblo of Walpi is shown in Fig. 3, and another in Fig. 7, where a circular support of hard-baked clay has been arranged to sustain the pots, and a guard and hood were made to control the draft in some degree. The open hatchway seen in this sketch is one of those which, in old times at least, formed the only entrance to the ground tier of rooms.

these cool gray heaps, surmounted and studded with broken, smoky ollas, is something to paint as well as to note with the pencil.

The simplest fireplace for cooking was a pit in the ground or in the floor of a house. Such an one is seen in Fig. 13, where it originally stood unprotected in an angle of two walls, but more lately has been rudely roofed in and a chimney is germinating.

When, however, the Indians from defensive motives began to construct the present terraced pueblos, they fell into the way

A glance through the illustrations will teach the reader that the same features have been taken into the house, and characterize the fireplaces there, even



FIG. 5. STRUCTURE OF A CHIMNEY-HOOD.



when no need remains to make them tall (as in Figs. 6 and 12), except the convenience of it—a consideration slow to impress the red housekeeper.

It was at once

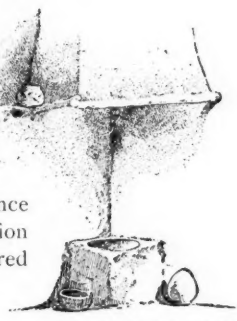


FIG. 6. A RAISED COOKING-PIT.

perceived by these rude builders, however, that something in the nature of a flue was needed, and hence they began clumsily to build over the fires hoods of one sort or another, which sucked the smoke and pungent vapors up into the chimney flue. These hoods take many forms, but are almost always exceedingly attractive to the artist's eye; and the few sketches here shown might be widely multiplied.

Where thin slabs of stone can be had, as at Zuñi, these are set into the wall, edgewise, when the room is built, and, interlocking at the corners, form a support for a pretty regular flue, as in Fig. 15; but in most pueblos this is too costly or troublesome, and either a stone is set on end, as in Figs. 9 and 14, or more commonly an arrangement of sticks supports the chimney, sometimes upheld by a bracket-like contrivance, or even hung by cords, which may or may not be buried out of sight.

There is no great weight in this structure, which is made of slender sticks—sun-flower stalks are preferred—standing on end and covered with adobe or thin slabs of stone, or both, as shown in Fig. 5; and it has the merit of being easily repaired if it breaks down or catches fire.

The last accident would seem likely to be a frequent one, but, in fact, it is rare. The Pueblo Indians dwell in a country where fuel is very scarce, and they have learned how to economize it to the utmost. Except in the colder days of the rainy winter months, when, although huddled in close rooms and wrapped in their gaudy blankets, the family needs a larger blaze for warmth, the smallest of fires suffices for all household purposes.

Whenever the mother and her children come back from the fields they fetch with them bunches of sage-brush and grease-wood, or twigs that have fallen from the trees by the river, while the men do not disdain to bring back cedar branches when they go to the wooded hills.

Ah, the red cedar! What fragrant camp-fires have I slept beside, night after night, in those wild cañons, while

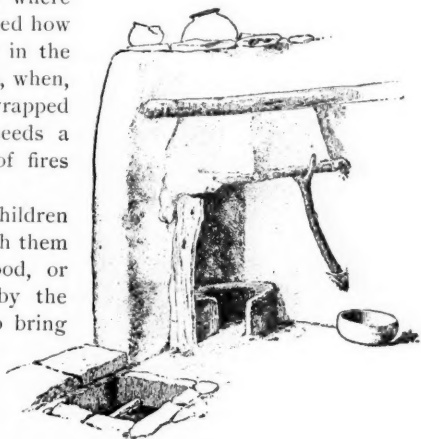


FIG. 7. A WALLED-UP FIREPLACE.

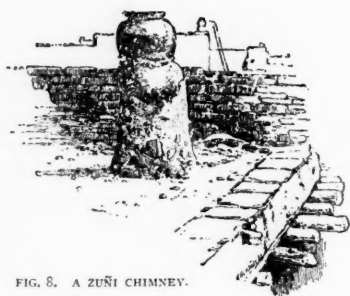


FIG. 8. A ZUÑI CHIMNEY.

the perfumed, red-hearted logs were making my dreams aromatic! I never get a whiff of pencil-shavings tossed into my grate but, like a flash, I am carried away to the banded cliffs and gray-green valleys of that wonderful land.

The best of the fuel is the grease-wood, which, when dry, burns with the heat and persistence of coal and almost without any smoke, so that the pueblo chimneys do little to pollute the crystal-clear air that surrounds them. Yet a handful or two of these fierce

twigs will furnish the stew or the roast, or heat the piki-stone hot. As for baking—that is another matter.

The prehistoric savage redskin seems never to have baked his food, beyond an occasional burying of something in the ashes, although that is a culinary accomplishment which savages in other parts of the world, by no means his equal in general intelligence, have long ago arrived at; but the Spaniards taught this art to the Puebloans, and showed them how to make the dome-shaped ovens that form a picturesque feature of all the Indian villages. These beehive-shaped ovens, which belong to every household, are almost invariably outdoors; the case illustrated in Fig. 4, where a Shumapavi family had their oven beside the fireplace, is very exceptional. This picture shows, also, another unusual convenience in the shape of a fixed and iron-like support of hard clay for the pot. Beside the fireplace, in many houses, as shown in Fig. 4 and here, in Fig. 10, is seen an oblong box of stone, the top of which is exceedingly smooth, black, and glossy. This is for the baking of the sheets of wafer-like bread, known to the Spanish-speaking people as *guyave* and to the Indians as *piki*, which constitutes their staple food; and great care and curious ceremonies attend the setting up and first trial of this primitive little stove.

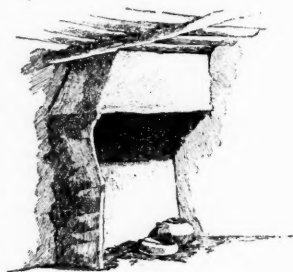


FIG. 9. A SHUPAULOVÍ HOOD.

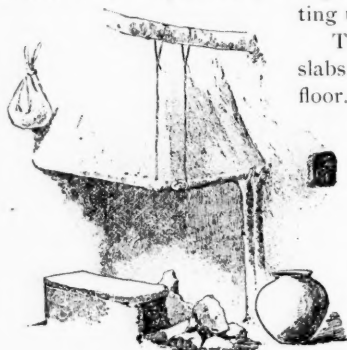


FIG. 10. PIKI-STONE AND SUSPENDED HOOD IN SICHUMOVÍ.

To form this useful adjunct of the kitchen two slabs are set on edge and firmly imbedded in the floor. These support the level piki-stone itself, and the three form a covered flue or simple stove in which the fire is built. The upper stone, we are told by Mindeleff, whose surface is to receive the thin *guyave* batter, precisely as griddle-cakes are made in a modern restaurant window, is prepared for its service with great care. At the point, usually distant from the house, where a suitable flat slab of sandstone has been found, it is hewn into required shape, with the accompaniment of a ceremonial intended to prevent the stone from breaking

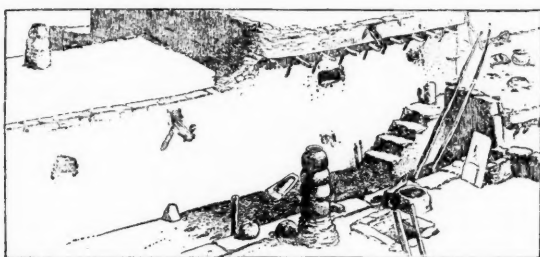


FIG. 11. A ZUÑI ROOF.

As soon as it has been properly shaped, the upper surface of the stone is smoothed and then is laboriously treated with fire and piñon gum, and perhaps other ingredients, which imparts to it a black, enameled, highly polished finish. The first building of a fire under the piki-stone is an incident of the first rank in domestic history; and its breaking is regarded as omen portentous of unknown ills to follow; it is by no means an unskilful matter to slowly bring the stone to precisely the right degree of heat, and then keep it there, proper for the successful product which looks like wrapping paper, and has little more taste, but is highly nutritious and may

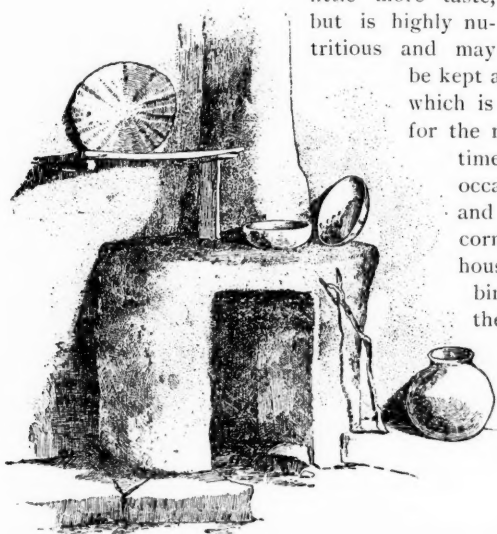


FIG. 13. FIREPLACE AND MANTEL IN SICHUOVI.

upon exposure to the fire the first time it is used. During one stage of these rites the strictest silence is enjoined, the Indians believing that a single word spoken at such a time would cause the stone to crack.

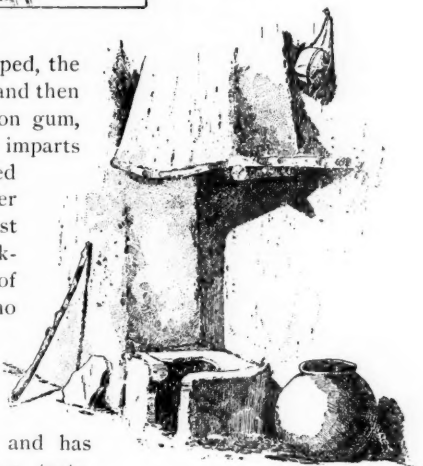


FIG. 12. A COMPLETE OUTFIT (MASHONGNAVI).

be kept a long time. This paper-like food, which is really unleavened bread, is made for the most part of corn-meal, but sometimes wheat flour is mixed with it, and occasionally the flour of piñon-nuts and acorns. Each family's share of corn or grain is usually taken into the house and stored there in a sort of bin built of the same materials as the walls, across the corner of the room; but sometimes they vary this by sinking a big jar in the floor. This corn is ground by the women of the family, upon the metates or mealing-stones, which form a fixture in every tenement. They consist of three flat stones, about the size of an ordinary washboard, and,



FIG. 14. AN OUTDOOR KITCHEN IN SHUMAPAVI.

The first stone is a coarse lava, and serves to crush the grains. These are sent through a similar process upon the second and less coarse stone; and this meal is rubbed into fine flour upon the smoothed stone of the third metate.

It needs no eulogist to point out to the observer the exceeding picturesqueness of these chimney-corners, with their oddly contrived arrangements for the flame and smoke; their rude attempts at ornamentation; their furniture of beautifully rounded, pleasingly decorated ollas, tinajas, cantinas, and other forms of native pottery; their odds and ends of brass and iron ware and queer litter generally; and when you add to it the rest of the interior of these stone rooms, and the quaint, kindly people who make you welcome, you have a picture truly American, yet as far away from New York as Syria or Algiers.

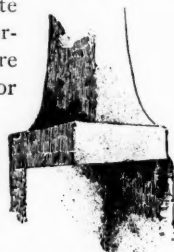


FIG. 15. A COMMON TYPE.



Drawn by W. L. Metcalf.

FIG. 16. THE FAMILY OF A PUEBLO TENEMENT.

